



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVIII

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No. 9



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF  
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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## The Pioneers

"The Great Salt Lake Valley was ultimately fixed upon as their halting place and future home; and thither successive detachments of 'Mormons' directed their steps. Whilst one party went overland to Upper California, another party chartered the ship *Brooklyn*, at New York, and sailed around to the Pacific by Cape Horn. This party was amongst the earliest of the arrivals in California and its members were exceptionally fortunate at the 'diggings' and massed large quantities of gold.

"But the great bulk of 'the Mormons' proceeded overland to the valley of the Great Salt Lake; a remarkable pilgrimage which has not been paralleled in the history of mankind since Moses led the Israelites from Egypt. The distance to be traversed was enormous—the perils of the ways were great—the whole circumstances were highly interesting and peculiar and their zeal and courage were as remarkable as their faith."

The engraving, which is entitled "'Mormon' Caravan Crossing the Prairies," as well as the above quotation, was taken from the remarkable work *The Mormons*, printed in London, in 1852. The author is unknown, except that in the year, 1850, he was one of a committee of inquiry on the subject of "Labor and the Poor." In this work his attention was directed to the amount of emigration from the port of Liverpool, among it, that of the "Mormons." In the preface of his book which is, according to his statement, non-partisan, he writes: "It presents the history of Joseph Smith, a great imposter, or a great visionary,—perhaps both—but in either case, one of the most remarkable persons who has appeared on the stage of the world, in modern times."

From Thomas L. Kane's famous speech before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, given in *The Mormons* in full, we read:

"The most striking feature, however, of the 'Mormon' emigration was undoubtedly their formation of the Tabernacle Camps, and Temporary Stakes, or Settlements, which renewed in the sleeping solitudes everywhere along the road, the cheering signs of intelligent and hopeful life. \* \* \*

"Their more interesting occupations, however, were those growing out of their peculiar circumstances and position. The chiefs were seldom without some curious affair on hand to settle with the restless Indians; while the immense labor and responsibility of the conduct of their unwieldy moving army and the commissariat of its hundreds of famishing poor also devolved upon them. They had good men they called bishops, whose special office it was to look up the cases of extreme suffering, and their relief parties were out, night and day, to scour over every trail."



A QUIET NOOK ON THE FARM  
Where the life-giving waters flow.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## The American Flag

BY FRANKLIN K. LANE, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

[A year ago, Franklin K. Lane, of California, Secretary of the Interior in President Woodrow Wilson's cabinet, called the employees of his department together in Washington, and delivered the following short address to them. It breathes the true American spirit, and solves the question, "What lies at the root of our country's greatness?" The little classic was printed in the *Record* as an extension of the remarks of Hon. Frank Buchanan, of Illinois, in the House of Representatives, Tuesday, June 16, 1914. As a Fourth of July oration, in our opinion, it measures up to the best ever delivered.—EDITORS.]

"This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: 'Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker.'

" 'I beg your pardon, Old Glory,' I said, 'you are mistaken. I am not the President of the United States, nor the Vice President, nor a Member of Congress, nor even a general in the Army. I am only a Government clerk.'

" 'I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker,' replied the gay voice, 'I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho.'

" 'No, I am not;' I was forced to confess.

" 'Well, perhaps you are the one who discovered the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma.'

" 'No, wrong again;' I said.

" 'Well, you helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker.'



"I was about to pass on, feeling that I was being mocked, when the flag stopped me with these words:

"'You know, the world knows, that yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of 10,000,000 peons in Mexico, but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn-club prize this summer.'

"'Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics; yesterday, no doubt, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag.'

"'But,' I said impatiently, 'these people were only working.'

"Then came a great shout about the flag.

"'Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself. Your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life. A life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles. Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and, cynically, I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this Nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making.'"

# The Achievement of Civilization

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## Recollections of East "Brigham Street"

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BY ANNA K. HARDY

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Come, Memory, and bring to view images of landmarks of the Past.

Yes, I drew my first breath near the boundary line of Brigham Street, and by its side have passed through the sweet and sad experiences of a lifetime—but that has no more to do with it than the pure, clear air that used to waft down from the foothills of the Wasatch mountains, grand old sentinels of its growth.

What is my first recollection of the street? It sloped irregularly from the north to the south sidewalk. The roadbed itself closely followed the line of the upper walk, and the space between that and the lower walk was filled with wild plants of the desert. I stood beside the small ditch which carried water for culinary and irrigation purposes, watching my brother and his friend sharpening sticks to dig segoes that grew abundantly in the sage brush. I shared the spoil, eating with satisfaction the sweet bulbs, learning, too, to distinguish between the poisonous and edible variety—the plant that yields our dainty State flower. The road itself grew into my childish knowledge,—just a crooked bed of deep, fine dust, ground fine by the clumsy wheels of the quarry wagons going back and forth to Red Butte for sandstone used in foundations and buildings. The propelling power of these primitive wagons was a yoke, or perhaps two, of strong, slow, patient oxen, and the numerous grasshoppers and wild birds were startled into action by the vigorous-lunged teamsters who alternately shouted, "Gee, Bally;" "Wo, haw, Buck!" And the gees and haws were plainly marked on the dusty trail in sundry curves and windings that were bounded by sagebrush and dejected sunflowers with bowed faces too heavy with grime to look up at their sun-god,—they just drooped forward towards the wheels of the advancing Juggernaut of civilization.

This ribbon of dusty road extending from the Eagle Gate to the quarry on the east, was henceforth to furnish my "moving pictures."

From the Eagle Gate eastward, on the north side of the street, were only four human habitations. The "Bell House," at the foot of A street. (Mr. Bell was a partner of Ralph Ramsey, the carver, who made the historic Eagle that perched, even then, over

the entrance to Canyon Road.) The other three houses, bleak-looking, two-story buildings, belonged to John, Adam, and Joseph Sharp and were fine residences at the time. Above these houses to the mountains was a wilderness.

The old Kay corner, on the south side of the street, held a neighboring two-roomed adobe house, the first of its kind east of Eagle Gate. It was the style known as a "Salt Pile," meaning the roof slanted one way. The circle of loved ones who bounded my immediate horizon inhabited it.

Somewhere to the northeast was a land of mystery. I had been there once when my grandma was buried,—near the beginning of our City cemetery. After that sorrowful little pilgrimage to the hillside, I understood the meaning of the processions composed of two or three wagons, the first one containing a plain box wrapped in blankets or quilts. The mourners were probably seated on boards laid across the wagon boxes. These evidences



MODERN BRIGHAM STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, LOOKING EAST



of sorrow and loss inspired reverence and awe in my childish heart, as I stood bare-footed, and bare-headed, with tears of sympathy in my eyes. (Bare feet in those days were a necessity for children, and shoes on Sunday only a tribulation.)

One of the first walks I remember taking was with my brother; he was seven, I about four years old. We went to look at a wonderful bird's nest he had located in a sage bush. The young were hatched, and as the tiny feathered mother flew away at our approach, we had a fine view of the birdlings that seemed all mouth, wide open. That was only about one short block north of Brigham Street. On our return we stood to watch a passing wagon from the canyon, loaded with wood. Standing on the top



ONE OF THE OLD LANDMARKS

Lion House, Salt Lake City, 1915. •

of the load was a great, unwinking owl, dazed by the light, a jolty trip, and its captivity, for it was tied by a string to a log. Often the loads that went by were surmounted by bunches of serviceberry limbs in full fruit; occasionally a bear skin, or part of a bear would be seen. When the logs were unloaded, they not only furnished firewood, but an excellent gum was extracted from the bark by the busy fingers of the pioneer children. If gum had been offered for sale, they knew nothing of the luxury of the possession of a nickel for commercial purposes; but their necessities made them keenly appreciative of every good thing that came along.

A freezing winter day: brother, eight years old, sister, five, toiling along the south side of the street. A primitive, clumsy, heavy tub bound with bark-covered wooden hoops. This product of a pioneer cooper, handicapped for material and tools, was

mounted on a home-made hand sled. Brother pulled on the rope, sister pushed on the tub. Two blocks of uneven, icy surface; every bump causing the precious water in the tub to distribute itself in big splashes on the snow, while the little girl assistant shed bitter tears over the aching fingers frozen to her woolen mittens. Oftentimes the thirsty cows and oxen were driven eight or nine long blocks to the Eagle Gate through which quite a large volume of water was flowing. The tiny streams bordering the blocks had turned to ice. Mothers at such times were kept busy melting snow.

And speaking of cows: how many residents of this magnificent, paved and parked boulevard date their residence on the street to the days when the cows of those who lived on it played quite as important a part in its kaleidoscope settings, as the sight-seeing vehicles of today? My memory of Brigham Street runs to the time when every family domiciled on its borders was the for-



ONE OF THE PALACES ON MODERN BRIGHAM STREET, SALT LAKE CITY

fortunate possessor of a cow. And each morning these cows were gathered, formed into herds and driven away for forage. Many were taken to the foothills and "benches" and returned at sunset. The most picturesque of the herdsmen was one Anderson. Whether it was Anderson, his avocation, or the wonderful horn that he carried over his shoulder that made him stand out as a noteworthy character in my childhood on Brigham Street, I am unable to say, but I retain a vivid recollection of the blasts of his horn that signalled some member of the family to let down the bars to the Brigham Street lots so that the Bossies could join the herd that went over Jordan to browse. How well I remember that sometimes the cows that pastured on the flats ate bitter-weed, willows, or wild onions. These imparted remarkable flavors to the milk. However, it tasted good to us children as we sat on the doorstep in the twilight, dipping pieces of bread into tin cups full of it. At the same time the music of a colony of frogs living in a pond situated opposite to where the Brigham Street Pharmacy now



EAGLE GATE AS IT WAS ERECTED IN 1859 *Photo by C. W. Carter.*

FIRST BICYCLE IN UTAH, MADE BY MR. SILVER, IN 1872

stands, afforded us amusement. Father, mother and baby frogs vied with each other in producing a wonderful medley. But the music that surprised us most issued from the Scotch bagpipes of Brother W. C. Dunbar. On a certain notable holiday, I think New Year's day, he came to serenade Bishop John Sharp, our neighbor, and we young ones shared in those marvelous sounds—the "drone" especially giving indescribable pleasure. When the playing began, girls and boys seemed to spring up on the street numerous as blades of grass in Spring (?).



The United States soldiers, stationed at "Camp" Douglas, as it was called at first, used Brigham and First South streets on their promenades back and forth from the fort to the heart of the city. In the main, they seemed civil, but among them I saw the first and only intoxicated men I ever saw as a little girl. The army ambulances and supply wagons with their strong, well groomed mules were objects of interest, as were, also, the fine parades of the men.

The irrigation ditches carrying pure mountain water, were found around nearly all the blocks of the growing city of "Great Salt Lake." These were especially admired and praised by the "enigrants," or strangers, who came here. It was not long before these creeks were bordered by shade trees, locusts, and the native box elder predominating. The locust blossoms sweetened the air for blocks around, while the deep shade of the box elder was intensely welcome. Oh, the pity! that modern efforts to beautify the streets caused the slaughter of hundreds of these trees of noble growth.

To show the refinement and love of the beautiful of the early home makers, there was scarcely a house destitute of a lovely, old-fashioned flower garden. People exchanged seeds, bulbs, and flowering bushes, and for this privilege would walk any distance. Of course, the vegetable gardens were a necessity. Fruit trees were planted in abundance, and from April to May the orchards all over the city were abloom with the white of the cherry, apricot, plum and pear trees, and loveliest of all, apple buds and blossoms. The peach trees were dressed in delicate pink, the native currant bushes in yellow, and the fragrance equalled their beauty of form and color.

Later came the welcome harvest. The fruit, especially the peach crop, was gathered and dried on board platforms or roofs when flat enough to hold them. The dried fruit was exchanged with the few merchants for their commodities and many a dear, old-time girl insured herself a pretty "Merino" dress, fine shoes, or ribbons, by untiring labors in this direction. Enough of these dried fruits were reserved for home consumption, and were soon welcomed elsewhere as Utah exports.

The native Indians were dirty and degraded in appearance, and their begging propensities could not be surpassed. We were fascinated by their blanket attire, beaded moccasins, the sacks in which they carried the biscuits and sundries of their collection. They would solicit from a needle and thread to a house and lot, if not interrupted by refusals. Everybody fed them, to conform to the counsel of President Brigham Young. His wisdom said: "It is better to feed than to fight them." The paposes hung, face outward, in little sacks or cases suspended over the shoulders of the squaws. These were especially interesting. The men carried bows, and arrows tipped with flint. They were followed by the

young, white boys eager to "swap" anything to get possession of one of these weapons.

At a later period, when Mr. Head was Government Indian Agent, Brigham Street, on the south side for about a block and a half, was occasionally alive with bucks, squaws, papposes, ponies and dogs. These gatherings of the Red men were to obtain their government supplies.

In the beginning of the Street's history, the shifts of people going back and forth were about equal in "caste." Many of these workmen, "public hands" they were called, on their way to the



BRIGHAM STREET, 1915

Eagle Gate as it appears since the reconstruction, in 1891.

Temple Block, fathers, brothers and sons, might be seen hurrying to their welcome toil on the Temple or Tabernacle. In their hands were tin dinner pails, illumined by the rays of the morning sun. At night they returned with the glitter of the now descending sun reflecting on the same receptacles. Probably meat, vegetables or fruit from the tithing office in a flour sack over their shoulders. There were no deliveries then. These were the workers, builders, carpenters, stone cutters, stone masons,—the aristocrats of labor. Today, before dawn, come milkmen; later, paper carriers, carmen, laborers, mechanics, clerks, teachers, school children; also, men nad women of comparative leisure; there are yet some who walk. It is a wonderful daily panorama apart from cars, automobiles, bicycles, motorcycles, and a motley variety of vehicles.

Perhaps the most beautiful and inspiring sight of early times was the processions of pioneer school children forming in line

about the head of State street to march to the "Bowery" or some building on Temple Grounds for their Fourth of July celebrations, or the Twenty-Fourth of July, Pioneer Day. These were events of importance: the girls had new white dresses with red and blue ribbons for hair and sash. The boys wore white trousers and blue waists. Some pioneer mothers took a part of a flour sack that had been partially bleached for a background and on it stitched the stars and stripes made of red and blue flannel, that the little ones might carry their Country's flag in the procession. The elated children stood bareheaded in the glaring July sun, scarcely feeling the heat, and men passed up and down the ranks with tin dippers and buckets of water. We did not fear microbes then, our lives were too simple, frugal and healthful. The "Stars and Stripes" floated to the breeze. Banners bearing mottoes, "God Bless Our Country," "In Union There is Strength," etc., were in evidence. Bands played patriotic airs and salutes



A PALATIAL RESIDENCE ON MODERN BRIGHAM STREET, SALT LAKE CITY



of canon were fired, and within the Temple Grounds the National hymns were sung. The Declaration of Independence was read, also speeches of Daniel Webster, Patrick Henry and other notable Americans. Thus was loyalty instilled into the hearts of the pioneer children.

Since that far distant time, presidents of our dear America, Ulysses S. Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, and many other distinguished statesmen have honored Brigham Street with their presence. When Theodore Roosevelt came, he led the troop of shouting Rough Riders on a wild dash up the street. President William H. Taft bowed in reverence to the throng of school children dressed in red, white and blue to represent a "Living Flag."

For years, the Veteran Volunteer Fire Brigade, Wasatch No. 2 was located near the corner of Fourth East and Brigham streets, and many a time our hearts have throbbed at the sudden clanging of the Bell. In that day, long before the advent of the telephone and electric signal, through some mysterious means of communication, the news of fire was brought to the ears of some fireman who hastened to ring the bell, that all whose duty it was to respond might be informed. Without money or compensation these men served the public, risking health and life; racing madly to their station, often dressing in their red shirts as they ran from studio, shop, desk, bed, or wherever they happened to be.

One of the vivid recollections of the Veteran Fireman's organization getting into operation when the alarm of fire was



THE OLD HOME OF DANIEL H. WELLS

The present Zion's Savings Bank corner, looking east on Brigham Street, in early days.

sounded, is that of a faithful member of the Brigade, gardener for the pioneer merchant, S. P. Teasdel. At the first sound of the old fire bell he dropped his hoe or tools and mounted to the cupola of the Teasdel home for a survey of the city, and location of the fire or smoke. He then ran to the engine house nearby and reported results. Then the men caught hold of the long rope to pull their precious hand engine to where they might save life and property. All honor to their heroic service!

The humble homes of long ago were scantily lighted; beginning with firelight, then "grease lights," tallow candles, kerosene; afterward, gas light, and now the wonderful, brilliant electric shine. Needless to say the street light evolved in the same way,



BRIGHAM STREET, 1915  
Catholic Cathedral and First Presbyterian Church.

excepting, in the beginning God's glorious moon and stars sent out their peaceful beams unaided by artificial means.

From my window I have seen infants taken in baby carriages for an airing up and down the street; have watched them play marbles, ball, and indulge in the innocent pranks of youth: as, getting up to the end of a long underground flume that crossed the street, and shouting into it "Help! help!" Excited pedestrians were running around the end of the opening, wondering how they could release the imprisoned child whose pitiful cries distressed them. The "juvenile court" then, if matters went too far, was father's stern rebuke, or mother's correction in love, tears and prayers.

I watched these girls and boys going back and forth to school, "going through the grades;" then, on their way to the university or college. Today, they are passing by with chil-

dren of their own. These men and women are numbered with our most useful and substantial citizens—college professors, doctors, writers, business men. Their mischief, due to the exuberant spirit of youth, with proper correction, doubtless taught them to avoid sin or crime.

The wild birds and flowers, sage brush, sunflowers and Indians are things of the past on the old Street. As to transportation, oxen are never seen; mules and horses are employed mostly for drayage purposes. The first cars drawn by mules, gave place to the electric. Old fashioned vehicles are nearly gone; every kind of modern automobile is skimming along. Jitney auto busses in competition with electric traffic are dodging and scurrying around just as the rabbits used to run in the sage brush; big Brigham Street is paved, parked and cleaned. About the only natural, whole-souled pleasure the little children living on its borders now get, is when the street flushers come along. The more daring, doff shoes and stockings and wade. The timid ones stand on the curb, screaming to the drivers "Turn it on!"—They ache to get a sprinkle or two.

Brigham Street has taken on aristocratic, metropolitan airs. I must tell you that the man for whom the street South Temple has been nicknamed, Brigham Young, predicted to my father in the early 50's that it would eventually be the fine residence street of the city. Are his words fulfilled?

I am waiting to see airships serving as public utilities. But with all the changes, modern conveniences, and evidences of wealth, let me tell you, no truer, more industrious, self-sacrificing, cheerful or God-fearing people will ever live on the dear old Street than the pioneer fathers and mothers who faced the perils of the wilderness to serve God according to the dictates of conscience.

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"What is the difference between life and love?" asked the sentimentalist.

"Just this," said the practical grouch; "life is one fool thing after an other; and love is two fool things after each other!"

Mrs. Caswell, while you were in Venice did you see the Bridge of Sighs?"

"Oh, yes; I saw what they called that. But, my land, I've seen bridges ten times its size without ever going out of Pennsylvania!"  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Why don't you go in?" asked one tramp of the other, as they stood before the gate. "Dat dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail."

"Sure I do," said the second tramp, "but he's a-growling, too, and I don't know which end to believe."



# Enchanted Park

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BY WILL ROSE

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Cochrane, the Forest Ranger, came to the park late that night, and so delayed my dishwashing. By the time I had cleared up and peeled the potatoes for breakfast most of the camp was asleep. When I started to the cellar to hang out the beef it was so dark I could hardly find my way. The breeze that had been blowing all that spring day was now dead. The moonless sky was black with sullen clouds. The dim candle in my cook-shack and the dull red glow of the big fire-box down at the mill were the only traces of light to be seen. Nowhere could I make out the faintest outline of a tree, yet I could feel the gloomy nearness of the big, yellow pines all about me. The strange silence of that great forest oppressed me more than did the blackness of the night. I fancied the proud old giants were mourning over their doom.

For tomorrow the mill would run. Everything had been waiting on Cochrane. At daylight he would take his hatchet and begin stamping the "U. S." on the trees to be cut. The choppers would follow, and soon the loggers would be piling the bleeding logs on the skidway. Already steam was up in the big boiler and the great circular saw filed and set. To me this lumber-making in Enchanted park was little less than murder. For the forest was new and impressive to me, and Enchanted park was a strangely beautiful place. Its great trees, ages old, were living beings to me, whispering to each other of the strange happenings in Earth's childhood. They seemed to hold themselves with all the sober dignity of ancient priests. The first time I walked into their midst I found myself baring my head as I would in a temple. That is why a sawmill in Enchanted park was to me a desecration. But of course I realized bitterly that I was a dreamer and fit only to be a sawmill cook. Then, too, I reflected that the history of Enchanted park had too much increased my sympathy for its trees.

Enchanted park is on the Kaibab plateau, which is the front dooryard of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Timbered with yellow pine, Douglas fir, spruce, balsam and aspen, this plateau is one of the best deer ranges in the West, as well as a national playground of surpassing beauty. In the higher parts are hollows so densely wooded that a horseman cannot force his way through. Mostly, however, the woods are open, affording delightful, flower-strewn vistas. Then there are the parks. These are little valleys

containing open meadows of timothy and wild clover, which give way to a carpet of upland flowers billowing up the gentle slopes to meet the circling forest.

These little bowls of enchantment, cupped like the palm of an open hand, are scattered here and there all over the plateau. Of them all, Enchanted park is the most desirable. Besides the magic of its unearthly beauty, it holds the only really large spring on the plateau. That is why the sawmill came there first to begin its destruction.

The history of the park, as we know it, begins when the Indians of the early days, coming on the plateau to hunt, found Old Cap Davis in possession of their favorite camp ground. They were in mortal terror of Davis because he had a glass eye which never closed, day nor night. So instead of attempting to kill him, they waited until he had gone to Kanab for supplies, and held an all-night pow-wow in the park. This was to call down on the intruder the vengeance of the evil spirits at their command.

At first Cap Davis laughed at the bad medicine of the red men, but a steady run of bad luck finally frightened him away from the park. It remained deserted by Indian and white man alike until Wild Jack Murray took possession. It seems certain that Wild Jack was crazy. At least he was queer. He always boasted of the spell that lay on his home, and he gave it the name of Enchanted park. He snaked his house-logs over two ridges from another hollow rather than offend his spirit friends by cutting a tree in the park.

When Ralph Huntington went up to the park to buy Wild Jack out and start a sawmill there, it is said that Wild Jack answered not a word to the proposal, merely shading his eyes with his hand while he stared the mill man out of countenance. When Huntington's eyes finally fell before that insane leer, Wild Jack broke into a maniacal laugh that sent the visitor shuddering on his way.

"He amused the spirits, too," was Jack's boastful comment on the incident, "mortal man will never cut timber in Enchanted park," and again his crazy laugh rang out. But Wild Jack was snowed in the park the following winter, and died all alone there of pneumonia.

So Huntington came back in the summer and put up his mill without hindrance. He, too, hauled his great, hewn mill timbers from outside the park, not from fear of the spell, but because he wanted Douglas fir and there was none in the park. Before his mill could get going, however, a lawsuit put the owner out of business. The mill lay until next season, when a Panguitch man named Stevenson bought it. When he came to prepare for a run he found that a fire in the pine needles had ruined his saw by taking out the temper. Being superstitious, he quit at once.

Then came Jim Carr, from Flagstaff, the following season, with a new saw and a mill-crew of Mexicans. One day Carr kicked a humble Greaser once too often, and died with a swift knife in his back. Once more mill work was put off. Nothing more was ever attempted until now Billy Powers had taken hold for the Northern Arizona Lumber Company. It was Powers who had hired me as cook.

Billy had heard all about the hoodoo, and boasted that he had come out to break it. Healthy, cheerful, with a college education and an iron will, he seemed the man to do it. But he had to fight. The first difficulty he met was getting a permit from the Forest Service, for the Kaibab plateau is a National Forest. Some mysterious tangle of red tape delayed action on his bid for stumpage. But Billy went after the Forest Service personally and through his senators, and nagged the local Forest Supervisor until life was a misery to him.

Finally things began to move, and Powers smiled his satisfaction, even crowing mildly over local backers of the hoodoo. I think that he felt that the moment he could cut a tree in the park the enchantment would be broken. He never forgave the local supervisor for refusing to oblige him by marking a few trees before authority came from Washington.

But at last the ranger had come with authority, and tomorrow would begin the stamping of two hundred thousand feet.

"Better get busy, you spirits," I mocked at them with bitterness, as I stood a moment in the dark by the cellar.

As I started for my bunk, the sound of a distant halloo put all else out of my mind. It sounded like someone lost. I stopped to listen. Again it came, far away but distinct. Someone hunting the mill, I thought. Or was it an owl or night-bird? No: it sounded the third time, so distinctly that I answered involuntarily.

At this, most of the hands awoke, and the dogs began to bark. Cochrane's ugly brindle hound woke the echoes with a baying that seemed to curdle my blood. I never did like hounds. A buzz of questioning began.

"Listen!" was all I said.

Again the cry sounded, miles away it seemed, but distinct in the stillness. The human note was unmistakable. Three or four yelled an answer.

"What the devil is the matter up there?" Powers called angrily from his bed in the mill.

"Somebody lost!" Joe Sampson answered. Powers opened up the steam whistle and filled the park with its lonesome bellow. Old Man Salton, camped up at the spring, fired his Winchester three times, then kindled a blaze. The calling ceased and the silence became tense with listening.

"Must be coming," someone muttered. But the calling began



again, weak, elusive, yet convincing to the listeners. Some human was certainly out there lost. Most of the hands dressed hastily and gathered in the dark to listen. Becoming chilly, we were soon drifting up to the fire. Here we stood and waited for the lost to appear, and speculated and argued for perhaps an hour. All the time the Boss was blowing the whistle every ten minutes. But the calling seemed to become fainter if anything. This suggested the theory that a man was hurt out there, or pinned down under a wagon or horse.

"I doubt it most dreadful," Old Man Salton said, "but I'm goin' to see. Better come along if you like. Better to be fooled in goin' than in stayin'."

Here Cochrane came into the circle. He was new to the Service and new to forest life. Such men can no longer get appointments in the Forest Service. It seems he had spent all this time searching hurriedly through the Forest Manual for directions to follow in searching for the lost. He was now ready for action.

"That's the idea, Mr. Salton," he approved, "we'll organize a posse for the search. I'm very much afraid that Supervisor Alton is out there injured, as has been suggested. He intended being here for the opening of the millwork. Mr. Powers has agreed to keep the whistle going at intervals as long as the steam lasts. Mr. Sampson, will you please remain and keep a large fire going? The rest of us will place ourselves about thirty yards apart and advance in line in the direction of the sound. I shall take the lead with my bloodhound." Under Forest regulations, we were supposed to do as he said in all such cases. So we marched on into the black darkness under the direction of a man who had spent most of his life running a street car.

As we went, we listened and called by turns. On account of the trees and the darkness, we had trouble keeping a line. After an eternity of this, say three hours, we had climbed out of the park, and were dropping off the south rim into the steep hollows and canyon heads that lead off in all directions but north. It was here we had expected to find whoever was calling. We lost our formation instead. The hollows divided us into groups of two and three. I was with Salton and Kenner, the sawyer. We blundered about helplessly for hours and hours—years and years seemed more like it. In the dark, time stops. I could swear that we went all over the Kaibab plateau. We were still plodding about ridiculously when dawn found us tired and bruised.

Feeling like fools, we straggled back to the mill. With the daylight the forest became alive and gay, laughing at us for our wild-goose chase. By that night all the hands had returned; but Cochrane and his hound were still missing. Young Billy Powers was the angriest man I ever saw. What he had to say about the Forest Service and its ways, and about one of its fool Rangers in

particular, used up all the most powerfully wicked words in three languages. If he could have found the "U. S." marking hatchet he would have marked his trees himself, then chopped off Cochrane's head with it. At least, so he said. But he kept sane enough not to cut a tree without the "U. S." on it.

The second day came and passed without Cochrane. Firing shots and blowing the steam whistle did no good. So on the third day Powers sent us out to search for the guardian of the forest and his brindle hound. Tracking is so difficult over heavy sod and pine needles that we were two days following Cochrane's trail. He had been so certain that the hound would lead him straight to the supposedly injured man we were hunting, that he had followed the animal clear out of that part of the forest. We found him alone trying to follow an old Bar-Z bull to water. The hound had left him to his fate. He was game, with all his greenness; we had to admit that. We were another day getting him back to the mill.

"The joke's on me, Mr. Powers," was his greeting to our boss, "but we'll saw lumber tomorrow."

"The deuce we will!" the Boss snarled viciously, "go read that notice."

On the wall of the cook-shack was a copy of President Roosevelt's proclamation newly posted, making of the Kaibab plateau a National Park. Hunting and the cutting of timber were forbidden. So the mill would never run, after all.

An executive order was afterwards issued allowing the cutting of timber on certain areas of the Kaibab plateau, but Enchanted park is still protected with all its primeval splendor intact. Whether it is guarded by spirits or only the servants of a great nation, is more than I can say.

KANAB, UTAH

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A big home-grown, corn-fed girl may not be able to tango as gracefully as her slender, hot-house sister, but she is there with bells on when it comes to doing the kitchen scrub and the dust rag dip and the broom stick balance and the cook stove canter.—Gadson (Ala.) *Times News*.

A representative in Congress from the West tells of an amusing request which he received from one of his constituents. "Dear General," the letter said, "for a long time you have failed to send me any bound volumes containing eulogies of dead members of the House. If convenient, please remember me, in this respect, for there is nothing that I enjoy more than reading obituaries of dead Congressmen."

Jack: "My mother paid nine dollars for this coat."

Jill: "My mother has a charge account. She never pays for anything."

# War and Peace

## I.

*Editor Improvement Era,*

DEAR BROTHER: No other series of school books in my opinion ever compared favorably with the old "National" readers. I will appreciate having you reproduce the following articles from the Fourth Reader, in this series: "Lad and His Neighbor," "Battlefields or Vulture Shambles," and "The Watcher on the Tower."

I should like also to see the following titles, from the same source, in the ERA to follow: "True Freedom and How to Gain It," "Challenge to America," "The Days that are Gone," "War."

I delight in all the articles in The Reader and among others esteem the above selections very highly indeed. Just at this time when a terrible war is raging in Europe, I believe all of your readers will appreciate the appropriateness of reproducing these articles. I am sure they will be of great value to the youth of Israel who are trying to follow the teachings of the Prince of Peace. These articles express my sentiments far better than I could with any language at my command, hence, I shall not write about peace and war. I thank the Lord that in my boyhood the impressions made upon my heart by the selections that I am sending you, gave me a loathing and a horror of war which has never left me. Years ago I wrote an article for the ERA quoting from "Battlefields or Vulture Shambles," and drawing a comparison between the lives of George Goddard and Karl G. Mæser, and Napoleon Bonaparte, suggesting that the latter was entitled to the appellation "the friend of the vultures." I make no excuses in requesting you to reproduce these articles.

Sincerely your brother,

HEBER J. GRANT

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, MAY, 1915

### LAD AND HIS NEIGHBOR

I had, said William Lad, the apostle of peace, a fine field of grain, growing upon an out-farm, at some distance from the homestead. Whenever I rode by I saw my neighbor Pulcifer's sheep in the lot, destroying my hopes of a harvest. These sheep were of the gaunt, long-legged kind, active as spaniels: they would spring over the highest fence, and no partition wall could keep them out.

I complained to Neighbor Pulcifer about them, sent him fre-



quent messages, but all without avail. Perhaps they would be kept out for a day or two; but the legs of his sheep were long, and my grain more tempting than the adjoining pasture. I rode by again—the sheep were still there: I became angry, and told my men to set the dogs on them; and, if that would not do, I would pay them, if they would shoot the sheep.

I rode away much agitated; for I was not so much of a peace man then as I am now, and I felt literally full of fight. All at once, a light flashed in upon me. I asked myself, "Would it not be well for you to try in your own conduct the peace principle you are teaching to others?" I thought it all over, and settled down in my mind as to the best course to be pursued. The next day I rode over to see Neighbor Pulcifer. I found him chopping wood at his door.

"Good morning, neighbor!" No answer. "Good morning!" I repeated. He gave a kind of grunt without looking up. "I came," continued I, "to see about the sheep." At this, he threw down his ax and exclaimed, in an angry manner: "Now, aren't you a pretty neighbor, to tell your men to kill my sheep? I heard of it; a rich man, like you, to shoot a poor man's sheep!"

"I was wrong, neighbor," said I; "but it won't do to let your sheep eat up all that grain; so I came over to say that I would take your sheep to my homestead pasture, and put them in with mine; and in the fall you shall take them again, and if any one is missing, you may take your pick out of my whole flock."

Pulcifer looked confounded; he did not know how to take me. At last he stammered out: "Now, Squire, are you in earnest?" "Certainly I am," I answered; "it is better for me to feed your sheep in my pasture on grass, than to feed them here on grain; and I see the fence can't keep them out."

After a moment's silence, "The sheep shan't trouble you any more," exclaimed Pulcifer. "I will fetter them all. But I'll let you know that, when any man talks of shooting, I can shoot, too; and when they are kind and neighborly, I can be kind, too."

The sheep never again trespassed on my lot. "And, my friends," he would continue, addressing the audience, "remember that when you talk of injuring your neighbors, they will talk of injuring you. When nations threaten to fight, other nations will be ready, too. Love will beget love; a wish to be at peace will keep you in peace. You can overcome evil with good. There is no other way."

#### BATTLEFIELDS, OR VULTURES' SHAMBLES

As I was sitting within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures crying to each other on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and

deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock. I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

I soon perceived that my labor would be well repaid, for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by her last lecture, for their final dismissal to the mountains and the skies.

"My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes. You have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl; you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food: I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."

"Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known. His flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture! Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?"

"He is too bulky," said the mother. "When we find a man, we can only tear his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground."

"Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear. By what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenseless than a sheep?"

"We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and the vulture would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our nourishment, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. "Two herds of men," continued she, "will often meet, and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled, for the convenience of the vulture."

"But when men have killed their prey," said a young vulture, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it, till he is satisfied himself. Is not man a kind of wolf?"

"Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him the greatest benefactor to our species."

"If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves?"

"Because man will, sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood."

"But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat."

"My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain."

"When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyry of an old vulture, who dwelt upon Carpathian rocks. He had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly, between the rising and setting of the summer sun; and he had fed year after year on the vitals of men."

"His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed."

"Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these caterers of ours; and those that hover more closely around them, pretend that there is in every herd one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence, we know not. He is seldom the biggest or the swiftest; but such are his eagerness and diligence in providing and preparing food for us, that we think the leader of such human herds is entitled to our warmest gratitude, and should be styled, The Friend of the Vultures!"

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

### **The Watcher on the Tower**

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?  
Is the day breaking? comes the wished-for-hour?  
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,  
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one  
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;  
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,  
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."



"And is that all, O watcher on the tower?  
Look forth again; it must be near the hour.  
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,  
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"

"A mist envelopes them; I can not trace  
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.  
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,  
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;  
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,  
All thou beholdest; many of us die  
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,  
Vivid as day itself, and clear and strong,  
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

"What doth he say—O watcher on the tower?  
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour  
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime,  
Filled with the glories of the future time?"

"He prophesies;—his heart is full:—his lay  
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day—  
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,  
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour  
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,  
And Right shall rule supreme, and vanquish Wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace,  
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;  
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind  
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!  
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?  
We pine to see it:—tell us, yet again,  
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?"

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shawdows fly:—  
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;  
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;  
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

CHARLES MACKAY

# Father's Girl

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BY HENRY NICOL ADAMSON

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"It's the most provoking thing I have ever known," cried Mrs. Carden as she walked up and down the corridor in restless impatience, with her eye on the front door all the time; "and my very last words to him this morning were, 'Be sure you get home early this evening so that we can start for the party in good time in order to get home again in respectable hours.'"

"It begins at eight o'clock," said Helen mournfully.

"Here's the cab at the door," said Moira, as the taxi drew up with a jerk; "shall I ask the man to call again later on?"

"Certainly not," replied her mother sharply, "why we should have to pay for every second of the time we kept him waiting—your father must just take his chance for once in a way—it's his own fault entirely. Put on your cloaks, girls, and we'll be off."

"But it's June's evening out, and she went ten minutes ago," Moira reminded her hurriedly.

"Well, what if she did?"

"There wouldn't be any one here to attend to father, and he's always tired when he's kept late at the office—"

"He'll find his dinner all ready, and if he'd done as I asked him and come home early he'd have had it hot and comfortable when we did; as things are I'm going out now, and so is Helen; you can please yourself."

Moira didn't hesitate a second in making her alternative—

"I'll wait for father," she said, turning away from the temptation of the waiting cab, and the prospective party; "I'm sure he'd have come if he could, but something must have stopped him."

A minute later the front door shut with a bang, there was the whirr-whirr of wheels going swiftly down the street, and Moira found herself alone in the house, and in the words of scripture "disquieted within." She had just given up one of the sweetest dreams of girlhood—namely, her first dance—something she had been eagerly looking forward to for weeks past, to stay at home and see that her father was warmed and fed, and his desires attended to, as something deep down in the girl's nature told her he deserved.

She loved dancing, but she loved her father more, and she could not shut her eyes any longer to the fact that he was the least considered member of the household. She had been dimly cognizant of this almost all her life, but he had so cheerfully set aside

his own comfort and tastes and convenience for those of his wife and children, that they had grown into the habit of accepting the position as the right and natural one, until gradually no one seemed to consider him at all, except as the source from which money was extracted, or as the means which stood between his family and the troubles and storms of life.

"He's so unselfish that they don't seem to think he minds being neglected," she mused to herself as she put his slippers by the fire, and hung his house-coat over a chair to warm, "but he's quicker than anyone else to notice and say 'thank you' for anything one does for him. The worst of unselfish people is that living with them sometimes makes others selfish—I wonder whether there was ever a time when mother was different about him! I wonder when they were both young before they were married if she'd have noticed if he had a cough, or looked tired, or wasn't hungry like this morning, when he didn't eat any breakfast? Here he is at last—not so very late after all—why, father," she began with a smile as she opened the front door; "I began to think—" then stopped suddenly as she found herself face to face with someone she had never seen before, and her sentence ended with—"I beg your pardon—I—"

"You are Miss Carden?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes," she replied rather breathlessly, "is—I thought it was my father—"

"I have come from him with a message," continued the stranger, looking into the girl's pretty face with a grave pity in his eyes, which made her heart suddenly throb and contract with fear of she knew not what. "Something has happened—he—oh! he isn't dead?—tell me," she gasped paling to the color of her white dress.

"He is not dead," was the answer, "and is on his way home now—in fact, will be here almost immediately, but he met with an accident this evening, and he is rather troubled about being late for some engagement or other—" looking again at the slender swaying figure in its becoming party gown.

"Oh, don't, don't," she cried in hurried pain, as she caught the look and was filled with the loathing for such a hideous frivolity as a dance, which comes to most people who suddenly find themselves faced with mental or physical anguish, "that was less than nothing—all that matters is whether—whether he is hurt badly or not—and how long it will be before he is here—"

"All accidents are more or less serious," was the guarded reply, "especially to people over fifty years of age. Your father had just left the office and was hurrying across the street to the station when he was knocked down by a cab and for a short time was unconscious. I am a doctor, and happened to be passing at that moment, so was able to attend to his injuries at once. I



wanted to take him to a hospital, but he seemed anxious to come home, and so I brought him here myself in my car, which is waiting at the turn of the street until I have broken the news to his family. Is your mother—"

"She is out—everyone is out except me," was the agonized reply. "I will get the room ready while you bring him—oh! my dear, dear father—"

"You must be Moira?" said the doctor, pausing before he set out on his sad errand.

"Yes, I am Moira," hurriedly, "but how did you know?—did he—"

"He said 'maybe everybody'll be out, but perhaps Moira'll have waited for me—she's 'father's girl.' If I were in your place, Miss Moira, I'd rather have those few words said about me than feel the crown of a king on my brow—there'll come a day later on when they'll prove of infinitely higher value."

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"Into this room, please—it's quieter than the front one," directed Moira to the men who carried the hand ambulance upstairs, and Dr. Goodenough noticed with keenly approving eyes what splendid use the girl had made of the short time he had given her for the reception of the injured man. The gay dress and slippers had given place to a plain serge and noiseless shoes, a fire burning cheerily in the stove had evidently been transplanted bodily from downstairs, half-a-dozen clean towels were in readiness on the rack, hot water filled the basin, while Moira, though pale as marble herself, was deft and quiet as a trained nurse, in all her movements and words.

Her father evidently recognized her, in spite of his apparent unconsciousness, for when she stooped down and kissed him his eyelids lifted for the briefest possible time, and the faintest of smiles flitted across the marble face as he muttered—

"Father's girl—that's Moira."

"There! he's fairly comfortable now," said the doctor after his ministrations were ended for the time being, "and I'll look in again later on—in the meantime how can I best serve you, Miss Moira—just tell me and I'll do it."

She flushed and hesitated before speaking, and he continued—

"For instance, I can't leave you here alone with anyone in the serious condition of your father—shall I send in outside help, or telegraph for relatives to come and bear you company, or—didn't I understand that there are other members of the family who are out at some festivity which your father also hoped to go to?"

"If you would be so good as to break the news to my mother and sister," she faltered, "I should always be grateful to you—I had no one to send just at first and thought that June, our servant,

would be returning every moment, but you could go so quickly in the car—”

“And return quickly, too,” he added with a nod of the head; “that’s all right—yes! I know it,” as she mentioned the hall at which the party was taking place, “it will be a half-hour run there and back, with say five minutes in which to tell my errand. You’ll be all right for that time, and I’ll bring them back myself—it’s ten now, so expect us soon after the half-hour.”

Dr. Goodenough reached the Apollo hall just as the sets for the cotillion were being formed, and when he went up to the Cardens, Helen greeted him as a new admirer and would-be partner, holding out her card and saying with a laugh—

“Certainly, with pleasure, if you can find a free space on it, if not you can have the first extra—”

“I didn’t come to dance,” he replied gravely, “my errand isn’t half so pleasant—the fact is—”

“So sorry—must go now, my partner is impatient,” she interrupted.

“Stop just a second,” he cried, laying a detaining touch on her arm. “I came to tell you that your father is not at all well—in fact—”

“I know,” she grinned back as she swung off on her partner’s arm, “he hates dances—and any excuse is better than none—see you later—”

He turned abruptly to her mother who was sitting on a green velvet lounge seat in the corridor just outside the dancing room, and said:

“Your husband has met with an accident which prevented his returning home this evening—”

“Well, it’s his loss, not mine,” she replied carelessly, “if he’d known that there was a special room for old-fashioned whist, he’d have been in time I’ll guarantee—I do think that Helen dances the cotillion better than anyone else in the room,” with sudden enthusiasm as she caught a view of her daughter in her partner’s arms appear for a second in the opening, “just watch her for a moment—”

“Madam,” he said in his sternest tones, “you evidently did not realize what I came here to tell you—your husband has met with an accident—I am a doctor—your daughter Moira is alone with him in the house counting the very moments until you return home—”

Mrs. Carden stared at the speaker, rose to her feet, and turned quite pale—

“Not really?” she gasped; “what shall I do?—it isn’t serious, is it?—I mean—”

“It is serious, and you must make your daughter return home with you at once—”

"She's dancing the cotillion—right in the centre of the room," helplessly, "how can I attract her attention—do you really mean that we must go at once?"

If it hadn't been for the memory of Moira, most certainly the doctor would have left that moment. Never, never had he felt so disgusted or angry with anyone as he did with this exasperating, pleasure-lover and her daughter, though he quite realized that heartlessness had less to do with the delay than gross stupidity.

"I will wait five minutes," he replied, taking out his watch, the hands of which pointed to half-past ten o'clock. "I told Moira that we should have returned to her by this time. Your husband is badly hurt, perhaps fatally; if his death doesn't mean anything else to you than lessened income, surely that's more important than a few items on a party program—"

"Oh!" with a terrified gasp, "I didn't understand—he has never been ill in his life—he is very strong—he's the kind of man who—who—"

"Who goes on until he drops, then dies in the harness," finished the doctor grimly; "don't you know that it's the creaking hinge that lasts longest, and the silent one that collapses without warning?"

Five minutes later they started on their homeward way, perturbed, anxious, and annoyed, asking aimless questions, without waiting for the answers, and changing between a suspicion that the summons originated in an unjustifiable attempt to spoil their evening's amusement, and a lurking dread lest something really had happened which would alter the whole course of their lives.

Helen wasn't actually cruel or heartless, but only a shallow, vain girl devoted to trifling of any kind, and almost unable to understand the sadder side of life. Mrs. Carden had promised better in youth than age had fulfilled—once upon a time she had been a bright, affectionate girl with a certain physical resemblance to Moira, but without the deeper nature of her daughter. Her virtues had, however, become gradually buried under a cloak of selfishness, while her faults had assumed formidable proportions. Now as the car bore her swiftly home, the good and evil that were in her warred fiercely together.

"Whatever shall we do, mother, if he doesn't get better?" whispered Helen in her ear, "we haven't enough money without father's salary to live as we do, have we?"

"That we haven't," was the emphatic reply, "at least, unless your father pretended to be poorer than he is—only yesterday he declared to me that he was really not so well off now as he was at the time of our marriage; if that is true—"

"But it isn't—it can't be," broke in Helen in shrill alarm, "men always talk as if they were poor, when they have lots of money all the time, don't they?"



The car drew up at the gate and they alighted from it and entered the house, going straight upstairs to the sick room to assure themselves first that there was nothing really the matter with "father," and that they had been unnecessarily alarmed.

The first glance at the still, white form on the bed sent their hearts to their shoes—Helen ran away crying, while Mrs. Carden fell on her knees by the bedside and some of the cold ice of indifference and selfishness melted from her heart in scalding tears as she saw again the lover of her youth and the husband she had neglected, lying senseless before her.

"Lionel," she whispered, "only get well again and I'll be a better wife to you, I will indeed—we're young enough yet to have many happy years together—try to live, Lionel, for my sake."

"Miss Moira, you are a born nurse," the doctor was saying outside in the corridor. "One wants the woman as well as the machine for the perfect nurse, who like a genius must be born and cannot be made."

"Oh," replied the girl with a shimmer of unshed tears in her starry eyes, "love can make anyone into a good nurse—I love my father dearly—dearly—and so nothing could be a trouble, but just a pleasure that I could do for him—I could not forget instructions, or be noisy, or—or—tired; I am no nurse really, only—"

"Yes! that's it," agreed the doctor, nodding his head in approval, "you've hit it first time, little girl—love that makes the world go round, is also the first essential for a good nurse. We get them sometimes—not often by any means—but sometimes, when they don't take it up just as a profession, but merely follow the vocation God meant them for—first find the good heart; add to it the clear brain, education, and the steady hand, and you've found your ideal nurse—and I've found mine," he added in a low tone as he turned away, "go back to him now, Moira; I'll look in early in the morning—and—I should like you to sit with him yourself tonight."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a full week before Lionel Carden was out of danger, and during that time the little household was shaken from the rut into which it had fallen, into a different road altogether. Helen had suddenly awakened to the knowledge of what a hideous loss she would personally sustain if her father died. He had seemed as firm a fixture as the house itself or the church standing opposite—his purse had automatically supplied all wants since the day of her birth. Food, shelter, clothing, education, amusements—and she had foolishly concluded that things would go on in the same way for ever—or at least until she made the brilliant marriage which instinct (in other words, vanity) had always assured her would certainly happen. Now she felt like a butterfly caught in the first chill of winter—if her father died she would suddenly

find herself removed from the glow of sunshine to the dark cold of the seamy side of life.

Nothing terrified her more than the complete change which had come over her mother during those anxious days. Hitherto she had always been the petted darling, whose every whim must be fulfilled, and if her father objected to any of them, her mother speedily took up the cudgels on her behalf and reduced him to a proper state of subjection. Now if she hazarded a desire for some present or future privilege, she was sharply silenced with—

“Do try and forget yourself for once in a way, Helen—you seem to have forgotten how ill your poor father is.”

“But, mother,” she insisted one morning when her father was well on the road to recovery, and it seemed to her that her mother was unusually dense at grasping the situation, “it’s just now that I want the new dress for Dr. Goodenough comes twice a day and he’s a nice fellow, you know—belongs to a first-rate family, keeps his own car, has private means, and is regarded as quite one of the coming men. Rose Anderson told me yesterday that everyone was noticing how attentive he is—and really seeing how unprovided for we should be if anything did happen to father, and I shall always feel uneasy after that accident, I think you ought to do all in your power to help me to get well settled in life.”

Mrs. Carden looked quite bewildered—“But Helen,” she protested, “I’ve never seen him pay you the least attention—he really seems one of those enthusiasts one reads of sometimes, who fight for a patient’s life like a soldier does for his flag—I’m sure your father would have died except for Dr. Goodenough’s unceasing care, and—no money could ever repay him for it—”

“You’re not as sharp as usual, mother mine,” laughed Helen complacently, “he really fell in love with me the first time he saw me at the party—I saw it in his eyes—and he’s simply lived here ever since. Doctors don’t usually supply their patients’ houses with fruit and flowers and game, and father is almost well again now, yet Dr. Goodenough comes just as often—and I declare! here he is coming in at the gate now, with father leaning on his arm—doesn’t that speak more plainly than words?” archly as she hurried to the door to meet them.

“That you, Helen?” called out Lionel Carden briskly as she hove in sight, “where’s your mother? I’ve some good news to tell her—first-rate news,” with a chuckle.

Helen’s heart fluttered with a wild hope. Could he have declared his intention to her father in the real old-fashioned way.

“I’ll go to the drawing-room and see if mother is there,” she replied, artfully throwing an inviting glance with her eyes to the doctor to follow, but almost before she was out of sight Moira came in from the back garden, her hands full of flowers and a glad look in her eyes—

"How good of you to come back with him yourself; where did you meet him?" she exclaimed, "he almost looks himself again today, doesn't he? Why, where has he disappeared to just when I was going to pin this buttonhole in his coat?"

"Pin it in mine instead," laughed the doctor suddenly putting out his arms and drawing her close to his heart—

"Moir, dearest, I waylaid your father purposely this morning and asked him to give me a life for a life—yours for his, which I think I saved, for he very nearly crossed the divide at one time. He gave his consent at once, so if you'll be my dear little wife I shall be the happiest man in the whole world. You do care for me just a little, don't you, Moira?"

She nestled close in his arms and sighed in blissful content as she replied:

"With my whole heart and soul."



THE SEGO LILY  
The State Flower of Utah

# The Story of the Salt Lake Theatre\*

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BY HORACE G. WHITNEY, DRAMATIC EDITOR, "THE DESERET NEWS"

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## *In Four Parts—Part IV*

The third epoch (and last) in the history of our playhouse, brings it down to our own times, or to a period within the memory of the present generation—so it hardly possesses the interest that attaches to the performances of the pioneers. And yet the new period was one that saw the birth and development of a long list of talented home players, many of whom have written their names in high places on the scroll of fame. Maude Adams, first borne across the stage as a babe in "The Lost Child," when she was less than a year old (in 1873) appeared several times with her mother and the local players up till the early eighties. In 1881, when she was nine, she sang between the acts of "Divorce," in which her mother was playing with the Home Dramatic Club, and I had the pleasure of paying her \$7.50 for each performance. Ada Dwyer, Sallie Fisher, Viola Pratt, E. M. Royle (author of "The Squaw Man"), Arthur Shepherd, Julia Dean and Emma Lucy Gates are among some of the more luminous names of our gifted sons and daughters, to whom the Salt Lake Theatre has been a stepping stone to broader fields of success in the outside world.

## *Early Day Memories*

The Home Dramatic Club perhaps deserves a mention by itself, and if my brief narration of its career involves the frequent use of the personal pronoun, I trust you will criticize the fates that were responsible, not me.

There were certain pioneer families connected with the Salt Lake Theatre from its inception, almost, as it were, with hooks of steel. The Youngs, Wellses, Clawsons and Whitneys were some of these. My father, Horace K. Whitney, one of the original pioneer band of 1847, an associate of Brigham Young and H. B. Clawson in Nauvoo, played the flute in the band there, and was a member of the earliest musical and dramatic organization formed

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\*An address delivered before The Cleofan Society, Salt Lake City, January 27, 1915.



in "the valley." He appeared in the cast of the first plays given in the Social Hall in 1853, and was a member of Prof. Thomas' orchestra the night the Salt Lake Theatre opened, in 1862; when Prof. George Careless re-organized the orchestra, and put it upon a salaried basis, several years later, he was one of those retained. He alternated for some years between the stage and the orchestra as his services were needed, usually playing old men's parts.

Among my earliest memories of my father are those of seeing him in our apple orchard, walking back and forth with a roll of manuscript in his hands, committing his parts to memory, and my brother, Bishop Whitney, and I learned to know those were the periods when he must not be disturbed. He used often to take us to the theatre, and I well remember my consternation when I was informed that I had grown too tall to accompany him through the stage door into the orchestra, and from there lifted over the rail into a seat in the parquet. Occasionally I gained admission into the third circle by carrying water from across the street up those interminable gallery stairs. Heber J. Grant, vice-president of the theatre today, had a similar experience about the same time.

Frequently when my brother and I had performed some unusual service at home, such as spreading an unparalleled acreage of peeled peaches on the roof, or "sprouting" a cellar full of fungus covered potatoes, we were rewarded with enough money to buy a third circle ticket. Not infrequently, too, it happened that some of President Young's sons, our playmates, would persuade "Brother Schofield," door-keeper of the President's private entrance, to admit us into the section reserved for the Young family. How we reveled in those stage productions! No boys in fairy tales, permitted to gaze into the lands of enchantment, and behold the deeds of magicians, ever drank in those sights with more avidity than that with which our eyes devoured and our ears absorbed the wonderful achievements of the old Deseret stock company.

*"The Robbers of the Rockies."*

In 1872, James A. McKnight, an ambitious youngster, wrote a play called "The Robbers of the Rocky Mountains." We were all promised a part, and the Social Hall was secured. The Young boys offered to obtain some old scenery stored in their father's barn, which stood on what is now First Avenue, in the rear of the Bransford Apartments. They had only carried away a few sets, when President Young's overseer informed them that their father objected; but seeing the consternation of the youthful Thespians, the president sent for the manager of the Salt Lake Theatre, and said, "These boys have a play. They call it 'The

Robbers of the Rocky Mountains.' I don't know much about the mountains, but they certainly made a clean job of my old barn. Give them a date at the Salt Lake Theatre." So the play was brought out there on July 13, 1872, memorable as the first night on which the house was illuminated by gas. I don't think the date was memorable on any other account. The programs of the event show that the Wellses, Clawsons, Youngs and Whitneys were well represented in the cast.

From that, it was only a step to becoming supernumeraries on the real stage, good-natured Manager Jimmy Harris (President Young's son-in-law) admitting several of the bigger boys to the ranks. I was only fourteen, but I was tall for the age, and I shall never forget the joy I experienced when my brother Orson F., three years older, informed me we were going on as jurors in "Article 47." Our pride knew no bounds when we appeared the same night in the army of Macbeth, and by merely changing our spears for battle axes, and doffing helmets in place of bonnets, marched across the stage as the army of Macduff. Occasionally, I believe, my brother was entrusted with some such lines as "My lord, the carriage waits," or "Is your ladyship at home?" But no such good fortune ever befell me.

One night of agony, during that period, I particularly remember. George D. Chaplin was playing "Pocahontas," in which we all went on as Indians. I was late in arriving, and Harry Horsley, then costumer and captain of supers, informed me that though there was a costume for me, the supply of wigs had given out. A trifle like that did not disconcert me, so, donning the red-skin's suit, and begriming my face with red and yellow paint, I joined the band. My hair was then of a pronounced sandy auburn, with the auburn predominating, and when Mr. Chaplin saw me he could not repress a roar. He did not ring down the curtain, but when the act ended, he called Harry Horsley and said, "Harry, there may have been blonde Indians in the time of Pocahontas, but they are now extinct. Get that boy a wig, or send him home." I think Mr. Horsley compromised by taking a blacking brush to my hair, and I was allowed to finish the play, but I don't think I was ever expected back again.

Bishop Whitney remained actively before the footlights in an amateur capacity, and finally determined to adopt the stage as a profession. A number of his associates tendered him a farewell benefit in the Social Hall, and raised a goodly sum of money to see him on his way. He was almost ready to pack his trunk, when an envelope bearing the imprint of Box B, calling him to a mission in Pennsylvania, changed all his plans and the current of his life. Truly there is "a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

*Birth of the Home Dramatic Club*

The stage next saw me when Prof. Careless produced "Pinafore," in 1878. Several of us boys were studying music with him, and we joined the chorus, I assisting in the business management. This was the first of the famous Gilbert & Sullivan works produced here and it created a furore; it was repeated times without number. It brought us all into such prominence that I well remember my employer, W. S. McCornick, the banker, for whom I was then bookkeeper, used to debate with my associate, Frank Kimball, whether I was not wasting my talents on his books. While he was in this frame of mind one day, there came into the bank (which then stood on Main Street, near the site of the Kearns building) a little, plainly-dressed lady who asked for

Mr. Whitney. She said her name was Annie Adams. My heart leaped as I recognized the stage heroine of my youth, whom I had worshiped from the third circle, the leading lady of the old Deseret Dramatic Company. She said she had lately returned from San Francisco with her little daughter Maude, and had brought with her the manuscript of a play then all the rage in the East, "The Two Orphans." She had heard of our success in "Pinafore," and said she wished to know whether it would be possible to get a cast of amateurs from that company to support her in the production. As the conversation took place under the eye of Mr. McCornick, and as his particular optic was never



B. B. YOUNG, EMMA WHITE AND J. T. WHITE IN "H.M.S. PINAFORE"  
First of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas ever produced in Utah.

noted for encouraging amusement themes in business hours, I had to make a later appointment, which I did in conjunction with J. T. White (the Doctor White of today, then badly stage and opera-struck) and John S. Barnes. "The Two Orphans" was cast for Miss Adams' benefit, and the production came off in June, 1879. Every member, except herself and W. T. Harris (who played the old hag, Frochard) was an amateur, and the main parts were rendered by Orson F. Whitney, Laron A. Cummings, Heber M. Wells, John D. Spencer, J. T. White, Dellie Clawson, and Kittie Heywood.

The performance was an immense success, so much so that during the following winter, plans were adopted for the organization of a permanent company under the name of the Home Dramatic Club. There were eight original members: O. F. Whitney, Heber M. Wells, John D. Spencer, L. A. Cummings, Lottie Claridge and Dellie Clawson, with H. L. A. Culmer and H. G. Whitney as managers.

### *Some Notable Plays*

The first play was "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," and the date was April 1, 1880. David McKenzie coached the players, giving the "business" he had learned from George Pauncefort sixteen years before. The new organization created a sensation, and it followed rapidly with such plays as "Extremes," "Ours," "Rosedale," "Pique," and "The Banker's Daughter," Mr. McKenzie acting as instructor up to the production of the latter. Then the company felt able to stand alone, and for fourteen years, at regular intervals, producing three or four new plays a year, they continued before the public. New members of the club were admitted in Edith Clawson, Birdie Cummings, and B. S. Young, who lent decided strength to the original group. Ivy Green, Mrs. S. H. Clawson, Mrs. R. C. Easton, Mrs. Henry Dinwoodey, Lyde Wells, Harry Taylor, Jno. E. Evans, Harry Horsley, Nan Savage, Clara Clawson, Mrs. J. D. Spencer, and Mrs. H. L. A. Culmer also appeared occasionally. Bishop Whitney early retired from the company, as did L. A. Cummings, and Heber M. Wells progressed from comedy roles to those of leading man. Mr. Culmer also withdrew from the management soon after the production of "The Banker's Daughter."

The main successes of the Home Dramatic Club during those fourteen years were, in addition to the plays named, "Saratoga," "Our Boarding House," "The Money Spinner" (produced in the Walker Opera House when the Salt Lake Theatre was unobtainable), "Confusion," "Storm Beaten," "Youth," "Lights o' London," "Green Lanes of England" (in which Orson F. Whitney made his last appearance, in 1883), several revivals of "The Two Orphans," "Divorce," "Diplomacy," "Shaughraun," "Held by the Enemy," "The Wages of Sin," "Hazel Kirke," "Called Back," "Storm Beaten," "The Silver King," and "Saints and Sinners," besides many lesser successes. In producing "Hazel Kirke" the company paid the veteran C. W. Couldock five hundred dollars to cross the continent and play for a week the famous role which he created in New York.



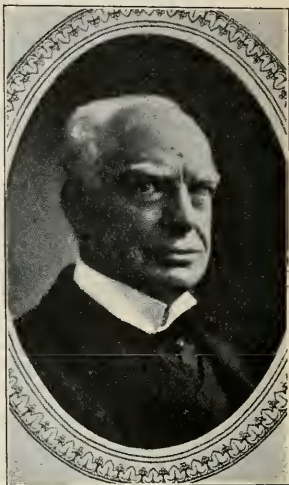


#### THE HOME DRAMATIC CLUB—1880-1894

The members of this once popular organization are: upper left hand corner, first row, reading from left to right, Heber M. Wells, Orson F. Whitney, John D. Spencer; second row, Edith Clawson, Lottie Claridge, Birdie Cummings; third row, Laron A. Cummings, Dellie Clawson; fourth row, B. S. Young, H. L. A. Culmer and H. G. Whitney. Four members, Lottie Claridge (Mrs. B. S. Young), Birdie Cummings (Mrs. H. M. Wells), Laron A. Cummings and H. L. A. Culmer, are now deceased.

*A Tribute from Stoddart*

The last performance of the club was in "Saints and Sinners," with J. H. Stoddart, that rare old actor who became still more famous in later years in "The Bonnie Briar Bush." He also was paid five hundred dollars for a week's engagement, and he left an ineffaceable impression. How he viewed his association with the "Mormon" players is feelingly told in his book entitled "Recollections of a Player," printed by the Century Company, in which he says:



JAMES H. STODDART

"The opening of the next season was with the production of a play in which I was not cast, and in the meantime I received a letter from Salt Lake, asking me to go there and play for a week with an amateur organization in "Saints and Sinners." As the offer was a liberal one, and Mr. Palmer consented, I went. "Saints and Sinners" had always been a favorite play in Salt Lake. Although it was quite a long journey to take for a week's engagement, I was amply repaid by the warmth of my reception and the kindly courtesy extended to me during my brief stay. We had only two rehearsals, and it really would have astonished many old professionals to have seen the careful attention, earnestness and ability displayed by my 'Mormon' associates. The play was excellently staged and well performed. The parts of Lettie Fletcher and Hoggard were acted by near relatives of Brigham Young, and Ralph Kingsley was played by Mr. Heber Wells, the present governor of Utah, and in a manner that would have been creditable to any experienced actor. Mr. Whitney, of the Salt Lake Herald, was stage manager, business man, and in fact general factotum of the enterprise. Mr. Palmer had played his company for a great many years in Salt Lake while on its way to the coast, and it has always been to me a source of pleasure to visit the city. The company's visits had ever been anticipated and arrangements for their stay made, so as to render it pleasant and agreeable. Much was done for our amusement, including organ recitals at the 'Mormon' Temple [tabernacle], excursions to the lake, social receptions, etc. When one contemplates what has been accomplished in this city in creating as it were a garden out of a desert, founding and building so beautiful a metropolis, bespeaking so much toil, thrift, and indomitable perseverance, it must call for sincere admiration and command great respect. The week ended, I said good-bye to my Salt Lake friends with much regret and returned to New York."

"Saints and Sinners," produced in October, 1894, was the farewell rendition of the Home Club, for almost as soon as the curtain descended the political campaign began, which took the

club's leading man, Heber M. Wells, into political life. The Republican party ruined a good actor, merely to get a governor, for which I have never felt to forgive it.

### *Salt Lake Opera Company*

Another organization which might be said to have sprung from the Home Dramatic Club was the Salt Lake Opera Company, which held the boards of the Salt Lake Theatre from 1897 down to two or three years ago. The company was organized by the lamented H. S. Goddard, W. E. Weihe and John D. Spencer, with H. G. Whitney as manager. Later George D. Pyper entered the company, and Prof. J. J. McClellan succeeded Prof. Weihe as director. The operas given were: "The Mascot," "Patience," "Chimes of Normandy," "Said Pasha," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "A Trip to Africa," "Madelaine," "The Mandarin," "Fatinitzza," "The Wedding Day," "The Jolly Musketeers," "The Girl and the Governor," and last but not least, "Robin Hood."



HEBER S. GODDARD  
Baritone of the Salt Lake Opera Company.

It would be a labor of love to linger on the delightful renditions of this company, especially on the work on one of the most brilliant singers Utah ever produced, H. S. Goddard, but time will only permit a passing reference. The singers this company brought to the front were Louise Savage, Lottie Levy, Edna Dwyer, Sallie Fisher, Mabel Cooper, Elsie Barrow, Arvilla Clark, Luella Ferrin, Agatha Berkhoel, Emma Lucy Gates and Hazel Taylor Peery. Other singers who came into prominence during these performances were H. S. Ensign, Hugh W. Dougall, Alex Campbell, Fred C. Graham, Mrs. Browning, Mabel Clark, Harry Sherman (present city commissioner), George Westervelt and many others in smaller roles.

### *Other Home Opera Companies*

Long before the Salt Lake Opera Company and during the life of the Home Dramatic Club, the Stephens Opera Company in "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl" and "The Child of the Regiment" and the Careless and Krouse productions of "Patience,"





WORLD-FAMOUS STARS WHO HAVE APPEARED AT THE SALT LAKE  
THEATRE, IN THE LAST THIRTY-SIX YEARS

Upper row, reading from left to right: Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough as Othello. Second row: Mary Anderson, Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth, Adelaide Nielson. Third row: Edwin Adams, Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, and Thos. W. Keene.



"The Mikado," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Iolanthe," "Fatinizza" and "Priscilla" set high standards for the Salt Lake Opera Company to climb to. In these productions the name of George D. Pyper and John D. Spencer are always among the leaders, while H. S. Goddard, Jennie Hawley, Mrs. Silva, Nettie Thatcher (the original Patience), Louie Wells, J. T. White, Louise McEwan and others had prominent parts.

An opera in which Nat M. Brigham, once United States marshal for Utah, and B. B. Young, today a prominent Christian Science lecturer, took part, was "Mr. Sampson of Omaha," composed by Mme. Mazzucata Young.

Still another pioneer production was "The Sorcerer," brought out under Prof. Thomas and D. O. Calder, March 5, 1880, Miss Libbie Sheets (Mrs. Mathoni Pratt) having the leading lady's role. Others who participated were Annie Midgley, W. D. Owen, Henry Gardiner, Duncan McAllister, J.R. Morgan, Lizzie Edmonds and Annie McKay. Of course the name of John D. Spencer appears in that cast as in most of the amateur productions of those days. When I look back on the years that have elapsed I marvel how he has escaped the ranks of the patriarchs.

If the musical productions of the Salt Lake Theatre are ever chronicled by themselves they will not be complete without a mention of "The Messiah," the first time it was rendered here, in 1875, under the direction of Prof. Careless, in the Salt Lake Theatre. It was the sensation of the day and its two performances drew over \$2,000.

### *Some Immortal Names*

Of course, all must know that the players I have named represent but a small portion of the long list that have occupied the boards of the historic house. I might read till midnight and then not exhaust the roll. The names of some of the leaders, however, cannot fail to arouse some warm memories on the part of many of my listeners. The immortal Edwin Booth played his first engagement at the Salt Lake Theatre in 1887, and Charles B. Hanford and Ned Royle were members of his cast. Booth came again in 1889 with Lawrence Barrett, rendering a round of Shakespearean plays in a manner that has never been equalled here before or since, especially "Julius Cæsar." Barrett's first visit fell in 1879, when he was supported by a remnant of the old Deseret Stock Company and a few of his own players. His scholarly renditions are unforgettable memories.

Other visiting artists justly entitled to the name of headliners, were the Salvinis, father and son, the Sothorns, father and son; the Lord Dundreary of the first, and the dozen creations of the

second, are among the famous presentations of the American stage. J. H. Stoddart, who made his bow here in "Daniel



EMMA ABBOTT  
In "The Bohemian Girl."

Rochat," and "The Lights of London;" Mme. Ristori, Tom Keene, Robson & Crane, Mary Anderson (one of the few great actresses who retired when her reputation was at its height, and who is still living a retired life in England); Mme. Janauschek, whose Lady Macbeth and whose double roles in Bleak House were her great parts; Lotta, the inimitable, Jean Clara Walters, Adelaide Nielson, the peerless Juliet and Rosalind of her day, Clara Louise Kellogg and Annie Louise Cary, Joe Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Rivals;" Neil Warner, Katherine Rogers, Amy Sherwin, McKee Rankin, William J. Florence, whose "Almighty Dollar," and John T. Raymond, whose "Colonel Sellers" were companion pictures in the gallery of fame; Maude Adams, in her long list of creations with "The Little Minister," her first starring venture, and "What Every Woman Knows" and "Quality Street," her last; the Emma Abbott Opera Company, who gave us a long list of rare performances on their annual visits until their tour was cut short by the death of Miss Abbott, which took place in Salt Lake, January 6, 1891; that rarest of baritones, Tagliapietra, was introduced to Salt Lake by Miss Abbott; George Rignold, the Lingards, Alice Oates, Emilie Melville, the peerless Fanny Davenport, The Carleton Opera Company, headed by W. T. Carleton, the great baritone of the Hess company years before, and who first introduced us to Jessie Bartlett Davis; Vivian, founder of the B. P. O. E.; Emma Juch, Agnes Booth, Denman Thompson, Mrs. Bowers, Milton Nobles, Frank Mayo, the famous "Bostonians," with the unforgettable Barnabee at their head; Sarah Bernhardt, Richard Mansfield, whose death left a gap that has not yet been filled; Frank Daniels, Sol Smith Russell, Sheridan, Rhea, the Kendalls, Willard, Grismer & Davis, Mrs. John Drew, Joseph Haworth, Julia Marlowe (later Mrs. Sothern), Clara Morris, Bandmann, Modjeska, James O'Neil, Clay Clement, Maurice Barrymore, his gifted wife, Georgia Drew Barrymore, and their not less gifted daughter, Ethel Barrymore, Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Langtry, Francis Wilson, Eleanor Robson, Viola Allen, Annie Russell, Louis James, Frederick Warde, David

Warfield, Margaret Anglin, William Gillette—these are some of the other luminous stars who have blazed across our theatrical horizon.

Our theatre has also entertained the great dramatic stock companies of the country, whose careers have filled so notable a chapter in American history: first, the Union Square, which introduced us to Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Fanny Morant and Sara Jewett; Augustin Daly's Fifth Avenue Company, which brought us Ada Rehan and John Drew; and the Lyceum Company, which gave such favorite friends as Henry Miller, W. J. Lemoyne, E. M. Holland, Nelson Wheatcroft, Herbert Kelcey and Georgia Cayvan, in their days as stock actors.

The visits of stars like Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, Dustin Farnum, Maxine Elliott, Nat Goodwin, Henry Miller, Forbes Robertson, Chauncey Olcott and many others are events of current history, too familiar to need describing, but they have all imparted a lustre to the reputation of the great old house, and they in turn have always departed singing its praises.

During the later '70s and early '80s some of the old Deseret Stock company, associated with visiting stars, gave a round of productions. These were the days of J. W. Carter, Carrie Carter Coggsell, Vinson, J. Al. Sawtelle, Mark Wilton, Lizzie Platt (mother of Treasurer Campbell Brown of the Salt Lake Theatre), M. Forster, W. C. Crosbie, E. B. Marden, Harry Taylor and others. Mr. Marden married a bright little actress, Susie Spencer, who was often seen in soubrette roles, such as the leads in "The Hidden Hand" and "The Little Rebel." She was sister of D. S. Spencer of Salt Lake, and died many years ago. Harry Emery, who married Katie Putnam, also graduated from the Salt Lake stage about this period.

### *Banner Attractions*

The question is often asked, What attraction in the old palmy days of the Salt Lake Theatre, before vaudeville and moving picture shows had depopulated the galleries, played to the largest receipts? The answer is, Madam Gerster, in the opera of "Lucia," March 6, 1884. The prices were \$5.00 down to \$1.00; boxes, \$30.00 and \$40.00, and the total receipts were close to \$5,000.00. Mapelson was the manager; another great star who was not seen in Salt Lake until she appeared at the Tabernacle some time later, Adelina Patti, occupied a box. The famous Arditì conducted the performance of "Lucia." The company headed by Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, in May, 1889, had average receipts exceeding \$1800 per night. Close to them came Emma Abbott, whose early visits always used to be good for \$1500 to \$1800 houses. Maude Adams' "Little Minister" engagement also ran

close to the Booth & Barrett figures. Fanny Davenport and "The Bostonians," too, piled up some great box office records. The longest uninterrupted flow of prosperity known, accompanied the two weeks' engagement of Nance O'Neill, when she gave seventeen performances, nearly every night to a crowded house.

Even our local talent established some box office figures in the '80s, which would make the managerial mouth water today. "Rosedale," played by the Home Club, on a sweltering Twenty-fourth day of July, drew a \$1200 audience, and such old time favorites as "The Green Lanes of England," "Storm Beaten," "The World" and "Youth" frequently passed the \$1000 mark.

### *Owners of the Theatre.*

A word regarding the ownership and management of the old house may be interesting. Up till the time of President Young's death in 1877, the financial reports by the managers were made to his office. The property was then in the name of a company called The Salt Lake Theatre Corporation. It became involved in litigation which followed his death, and for a long period the keys of the house were in the hands of the United States marshal. In 1879, the litigation was ended, and David McKenzie, in his memoirs, published in the *Christmas News*, says President John Taylor (who succeeded President Brigham Young), asked him to call on United States Marshal Shaughnessy and get the keys. He did so, and on handing them to President Taylor, was notified he was to be an officer of a new corporation called the Salt Lake Dramatic Association, of which John T. Caine was to be president, H. B. Clawson, secretary, and David McKenzie, treasurer. The management was to be in the hands of the three. This corporation has lasted until the present day, though the stockholders have frequently changed. Today, President Jos. F. Smith is president, Heber J. Grant is vice-president, Heber M. Wells secretary, and Elias A. Smith treasurer.

The house has witnessed many changes of management since it opened, with Caine and Clawson in charge, in 1862. In 1872, George Reynolds was manager for a brief period, under the direction of the President's office. Succeeding him, came W. T. (Jimmy) Harris, the president's son-in-law; Caine, Clawson & Williams were managers for a short time, and John C. Graham, Phil Margetts, and David McKenzie also occasionally held the reins. The house was again involved in the courts at the time the government escheated the Church property, and soon after the settlement of this litigation, Charles S. Burton became manager (1888), holding office for ten years, till 1898. George D. Pyper was then appointed, and he has held the position ever since—a term of seventeen years. He has lately associated with him



John Cort, the eastern theatrical magnate, and today the management is in the hands of Cort & Pyper.

The public records show that the Salt Lake Theatre corner was first owned by Reynolds Cahoon, who sold it to President Young, April 23, 1860. July 29, 1873, President Young sold the property to H. B. Clawson, John T. Caine, Thomas Williams, Jos. A. Young, LeGrand Young and John W. Young, for \$100,000, each an undivided sixth. The same year, these parties deeded the property to the Salt Lake Theatre Corporation. In 1875, that corporation, by H. B. Clawson, president, deeded the property back to President Young for \$116,000; so it is fair to presume that the cost of the improvements was about \$16,000. After President Young's death, in 1878, his executors, George Q. Cannon and Brigham Young, Jr., conveyed the property to John Taylor, trustee-in-trust, the consideration named being \$125,000. President Taylor sold the property to John Sharp for \$62,000 the same year. In 1879, John Sharp conveyed it to the Salt Lake Dramatic Association, the present corporation, for \$74,500.

The house was but little changed from its opening in 1862 till 1873-4, when the sale to H. B. Clawson and others, referred to above, was made, and some extensive improvements were carried on. The present stage boxes were installed, chairs replaced the old benches, the stage was rebuilt, and the present slant towards the auditorium imparted to it. These changes were made following designs obtained in New York by Spencer Clawson for his father. He secured them from A. T. Stewart's architect, and they were fashioned after the interior of Niblo's gardens.

The question often has been asked where so large a sum of money came from in those early days as that required for the construction of a building so ambitious as the Salt Lake Theatre. It will doubtless interest "Uncle Sam" to know that it was through his army, that the first sum was realized. When Johnston's army, which invaded Utah, went into permanent quarters at Camp Floyd, President Young entrusted H. B. Clawson with \$4000 to invest in army supplies at a government "bargain" sale, which was conducted at Camp Floyd when the army was ordered



GEORGE D. PYPER

Present manager of the Salt Lake Theatre, as he looked in his early operative days.

back to take part in the Civil War. The bargains there obtained were the beginning of the fortunes of many Utah men, such as Walker Brothers. The supplies bought with the \$4000 by Mr. Clawson were finally retailed for \$40,000, which sum became the nucleus of the building of the Salt Lake Theatre.

*As to the Future*

And what of the future of the grand old playhouse? Nearly every Salt Laker, especially those of the older generation, must confess to a pang whenever he hears it said that, before long, in the march of progress and under the demands of business, it will have to come down, and make way for a more modern structure. That fate might have befallen it before this had it not happened that the ownership fortunately reverted to the Church, one of the few institutions that can afford to place sentiment before business. We can only hope, with the many eminent stars who have expressed their affection for the house, that the day of its demolition may long be deferred. The most beautiful tribute I have ever heard paid to our theatre and to the spirit of the pioneers who founded it, was that uttered by Forbes-Robertson last winter, on the night of his memorable farewell, when he pleaded with Salt Lakers to cherish and preserve such a rare treasure house of memories—almost the last theatre of its kind in America. Henry Miller, Daniel Frohman, Stoddart, Louis James, Sothorn, Warde, Gillette, Maude Adams and many others have voiced the same sentiments. Many of them say they best love to visit the old place in the day time, when its activities are at rest, and sinking into one of its chairs, commune in silence with the memories the hush seems to invoke. "The walls have ears," goes the old saying; if these had tongues what a wealth of reminiscence, of history, what stories of triumphs, ambitions, of laughter and heart breaks, might not here be let loose! Every thoughtful visitor to the place confesses to feeling an influence, an undefinable impression unlike that imparted by any other building of its kind. Who shall say? Perhaps something of the spirit of good, invoked upon the edifice in the prayers of the old pioneers may still linger within its walls to hallow them, and keep alive the aims and hopes of its founders.

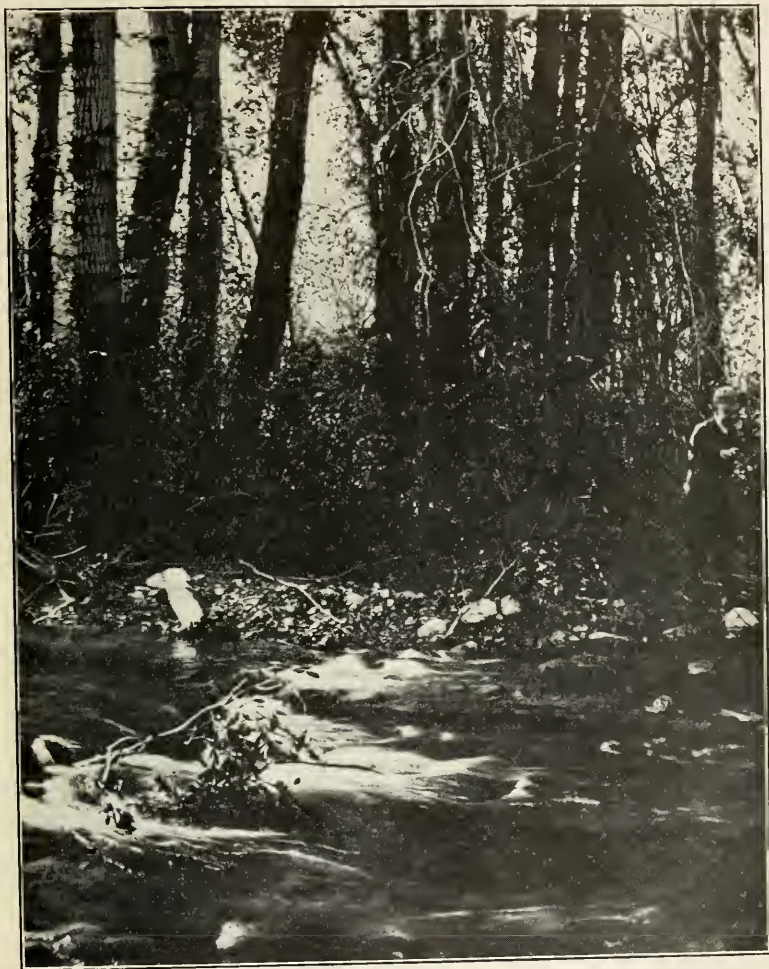
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A merchant in a Wisconsin town who had a Swedish clerk sent him out to do some collecting. When he returned from an unsuccessful trip he reported:

"Yim Yonson say he vill pay ven he sells his hogs. Yim Olesen, he vill pay ven he sell him wheat, and Bill Pack say he vill pay in Yanuary."

"Well," said the boss, "that's the first time Bill ever set a date to pay. Did he really say he would pay in January?"

"Vell, I tank so," said the clerk. "He say it ban a — cold day ven you get that money. I tank that ban in Yanuary."



QUIETUDE

A Beauty Spot on a Mountain Stream entering the Salt Lake Valley

## The Crucial Test\*

THE "IMPROVEMENT ERA" PRIZE STORY, APRIL CONTEST

BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

As Philip Pemberton emerged from the wretched tenement which he had been visiting to gather data for a paper in his sociology class, his attention was called to a group in the squalid alley, a few rods away. There appeared to be some unusual excitement. When he drew nearer, however, he heard oaths and cursing, and decided it was one of the drunken brawls for which the district was noted. He quickened his step, thinking to notify a policeman. As he was brushing past the outside of the group, a child's frightened scream pierced the air, followed by a quick protest from a woman's voice. He stopped. That voice sounded strangely out of keeping with the surroundings. It was full of anxious alarm and entreaty.

"Stop him! O, for the love of humanity, will not some of you stop him?"

But the crowd only jeered. A thick voice from the outside called, "I thought that was what you was goin' ter do, Miss," and there was a laugh.

"Yes," bullied another. "Less see you stop 'im. Ye've got a purty face. Mebby if ye'll give old Dunk a kiss he'll let the brat go." The crowd joined in the coarse, approving laugh, and someone else called out,

"Hey, there Dunny, here's a purty little Sunday school gal wants to kiss ye."

"O, she does, does she? Wall, now the brat's got his deservin's. I reckon I kin tend t' her." The words were punctuated with smothered hiccoughs. The spectators crowded closer.

"Alright, honey, now fer that kiss."

"Don't you dare to touch me, sir!" \*

"Haw, haw. Listen, fellers. She dares ole Dunk t' kiss 'er."

There was a scream, and Pemberton, who had been elbowing his way through the crowd, burst into the inner ring. He seized the ruffian by the collar of his ragged coat and sent him sprawling headlong to the ground.

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\*This story won the \$25 prize for April, in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, six months' contest, ending June, 1915.



"Stand back, you cowards!" he commanded the crowd and, strangely enough, they obeyed. As a "cop" appeared, the crowd scattered in all directions.

Pemberton found himself standing alone with the woman he had befriended, his hand still resting protectingly upon her arm. Not until then did he realize that he had seen the face before.

"Why, Miss Benton!" he exclaimed. "How in the world did you get in a place like this?"

"I came down to get material for my paper, as I suppose you did," she began, her voice unsteady with emotion.

"But did you not know you should never have come here alone?"

"My cousin came with me, but he remembered that he was neglecting an important engagement, so he left me here, and was coming back for me. I had finished my work and stood in one of those dreadful halls looking out on this alley, when I saw a drunkard come reeling down the street. From a corner he dragged a little boy and began to beat him. I couldn't stand that, and, without thinking what I was doing, I rushed out to see if I couldn't stop him. Before I was aware, we were surrounded and—I—think you know the rest. O, here is Dick." She turned her agitated face in relief to the handsome young man who came swinging down the alley toward them.

"O, Dick, I've had the most dreadful experience. Or would have had, if it had not been for Mr. Pemberton.—Excuse me this is Mr. Darrel, my cousin, Mr. Pemberton; Mr. Pemberton is a member of our sociology class."

The men shook hands, and the girl, still trembling and very pale, repeated her story to her cousin.

"Why, Margie I wouldn't have had such a thing happen for anything in the world," the young man said in self condemnation. "What an idiot I was to leave you in such a place, even for a minute. Mr. Pemberton, we can't hope to thank you for what you have done."

"Please don't mention it," protested Philip. "I am very glad, indeed, that I was here to render the little service."

"Well, I must get you home. You are as white and limp as a rag. What will your father say to me?" Richard Darrel took his cousin's arm. "We shall never forget this service, Mr. Pemberton and we hope to know you better. Call on me at my rooms whenever you have time," and he handed Philip a card.

"And you must let me thank you, when I can think a little better how, and father will want to see you also," the girl added handing him another card.

"Your gratitude is unnecessary, but I shall be glad to see you again," Philip replied, slipping the cards into his pocket-book.

The next day Margaret Benton was not at school. Philip wondered if her experience the day before had made her ill. He thought of calling at her home, but decided it would be presumptuous to force his acquaintance on the incident in the slums. He did not want gratitude for a service any gentleman would have rendered, and doubtless the invitations had been extended as a matter of simple courtesy. However, as Miss Benton did not appear the next day Philip decided she must be ill and he was annoyed that he could not keep his thoughts from recurring to their unusual meeting. He wondered if she were a school teacher like himself brushing up in summer school along her line. She must live in Chicago. He found himself wondering about her people and her home in a way that was becoming provoking. On the evening of the third day of her absence he took out her card and walked to the trolley, taking the car that led in the vicinity of the address.

When Michigan Avenue was called he got off and looked around him. He was surprised to find himself in one of the best residence parts of the city. He walked along the street looking at the splendid homes set well back in beautifully kept grounds. He must have been mistaken in the address. He took out the card again and studied it by the light house just ahead of him. It stood white and distinctive with its heavy pillars and wide verandas. He was conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment. He had pictured her a struggling school teacher, in a humble home perhaps helping a poor father. He felt that he could not call at a place like this. Why he was not only a poor student, struggling through the university, but he was a despised "Mormon" as well.

He turned and began to walk down the street. There was a step behind him and a friendly voice called out,

"Why, hello, Pemberton. What are you doing away out here?" He turned to greet John Atkins his partner in the biology laboratory.

"O, I was just roaming around a little, taking in the sights."

"It's a fine old place, Chicago is, don't you think? I suppose you find it quite different to the west. I have an old aunt living on this avenue. She invites me up for supper occasionally and has me listen to her gossip about her aristocratic neighbors. She thinks old Chicago has all the people in the world who are worth anything. By the way, did you notice that big white place we passed just now. That's Samuel E. Benton's, the writer you know. Aunt Henry seems to know all about him. She says he's writing a new book now on 'Problems of the Slums.'"

Philip was silently thankful he had not thrust his presence upon this distinguished man. His companion rattled on.

"The old man has a daughter, aunt says, who bids fair to become as well known as her father. With all her wealth and

station, however, she is perfectly simple and natural and helps her father with his work. She is in school now reviewing up along her line. Why maybe you have seen her. She ought to be in your sociology class."

"Yes, I think I have seen her," Philip answered, but he admitted nothing further. They soon reached the corner and Philip bade his companion good night and ran to catch his car.

Somehow he could not get over his disappointment in finding the brown-eyed girl he had befriended, in a class so different to his own. He discovered that he had been hoping the acquaintance started in the slums that day might grow into friendship, for Margaret Benton had a personal appeal to him he had never felt before. However, he took himself to task before he went to sleep that night for allowing his mind to be disturbed by a woman he had known scarcely a week, a woman so far above him in the financial world, and moreover, a woman not of his own faith. Assuring himself that he would think no more about her, he went to sleep; in his dreams however, he lived again, with peculiar variations, that afternoon in the slums when he had rescued her.

The next day when he reached the door of the sociology class room he found Margaret Benton waiting for him. She held out her hand in easy friendliness, and said half in jest,

"I think you might have called when I've been sick from the fright I got that day in the slums."

Philip's heart, in spite of all his resolves, rushed in an extra beat as his hand touched her small pink fingers.

"I'm sorry you have been ill and am very glad to see you back," he assured her as they walked into the class room together.

"Since you have not accepted that general invitation I gave you to come and see us, I'm going to give you a special one," the girl continued with a fascinating frankness as they sat down on the front bench. "Father wants you to come and take dinner with us tomorrow evening. Dick will be there, my cousin, you know. We will expect you at six o'clock."

Just then the professor came in and the lecture commenced. When the class was dismissed, Margaret warned Philip not to forget, and left him wondering why he had not offered some excuse.

The next evening the western boy approached the big white house with considerable trepidation. Margaret, herself, met him at the door and took him into the library to her father and cousin. The old gentleman referred to the incident of the slums in a few grateful words which in no way embarrassed Philip, then fell to talking of other things and set the young man perfectly at his ease. Philip was surprised that he could feel so in the presence of this eminent man whose works he had often read and admired.

He had never thought before that true greatness is always accompanied by simplicity.

Richard Darrel was extremely pleasant and the conversation flowed smoothly from one topic to another until dinner was announced. Mr. Benton asked Philip to take Margaret in. Somehow he felt that he had always known these people who, only the night before had seemed to belong to a world he had never entered. After all, he thought, we are all brothers and sisters; why should a few dollars or a little learning set barriers between kindred souls.

The simple, but well prepared and served meal was eaten amid interesting discussions on various subjects. When it was over, the host invited his guests to join him in a smoke.

"I never smoke," Philip admitted, and he was ashamed of the embarrassment he felt in making the admission. He had always been proud of the fact before.

"Very well, go into the drawing room and let my daughter entertain you until we are through."

"You are from the West, aren't you Mr. Pemberton?" Margaret asked when they were alone.

"Yes," Phil replied, then added with a laugh, "Am I so 'wild and woolly' you can tell it by my looks?"

"O, no, indeed! But you western men always seem so—clean—and strong and—manly." She flushed, conscious that she really had not intended to say it just that way. Philip's color also heightened at this compliment so frank and unstudied from the lips of this lovely girl.

"I thank you for myself and fellow westerners," he said. "And I hope we may all prove your first generous opinion correct."

"Just where is your home?" was Margaret's next question, as if she wanted to get the conversation on a little less personal footing.

"Idaho," Philip answered shortly. He realized that here was his chance to introduce his real self. He should have added that until three years before he had lived in Utah, that he was a "Mormon" and that when he returned West after the Summer semester he was to enter a "Mormon" college. He had intended to say all this when the opportunity came, and to add that he was proud of those facts. Long ago Philip had resolved to be a self appointed missionary at all times. And here certainly was a woman he might well be proud to convert. But somehow the seconds passed and the words he had intended to say did not come to him. The girl commenced talking of other things and soon her father and cousin joined them. His opportunity had been neglected and did not present itself again. Somehow all the rest of the evening Philip felt as if he were wearing false colors. When



it was time for his departure and his new friends insisted so warmly upon his coming again soon, he found himself wondering if the invitation would be just as cordial if they knew he was a "Mormon." The thought made him miserable as he rode toward his rooming house.

He had a good deal to think about that night, but the thing which claimed his attention most was the startling realization of an indefinable something he had never felt before in his attitude toward Margaret Benton. Again he told himself that the only sane thing to do was to let their acquaintance stop just where it was and not think of her any more. This latter condition he soon found himself quite unable to control. It made no difference what channel he turned his thoughts into, something she had said, or a gesture of her hand or a gleam of her eye would creep between him and his purpose.

At last he was forced to face the fact that he was in love.

The fact once admitted called for a solution of certain obstacles.

Perhaps it was a little strange that her station did not appeal to him as an insurmountable barrier. He *was*, as she had said, strong and clean and manly. Those qualities, he felt, were more to a woman like her than wealth and social position, things to be attained with courage and persistence. He was young and the future was all before him. The present was full of youth's faith and courage. After studying the situation for a little time, the only obstacle that Philip Pemberton could see that lay in the way of his trying to win Margaret Benton was the fact that she did not belong to his religion, and that she belonged to a class so hard to reach with the gospel.

He decided that he must make a clean breast of it. He would tell her who he was and ask for a chance to make her understand his views.

But when he saw her the next day and asked her to walk with him on the campus, the task seemed too great. He was overwhelmed with the certainty that she would scorn him if she knew, and he could not bear the thought of losing his chance with her.

A week went by in which he saw her every day. They were working out their papers on the slums and were much together but still Phil, miserable as his silence made him, could not find the courage to speak.

Then one night a brilliant idea came to him. Why not convert her without her "knowledge or consent." He lay awake for hours thinking of bits of argument and illustrations he could use in their conversations, to develop his plan. He changed the outline for his paper and brought in some "Mormon" doctrine in a strong and convincing way.

From the first his plan worked admirably. Margaret would

sit and look at him with her great serious eyes as he explained some new principle, then she would exclaim,

"How plain and beautiful that is. It seems strange we have never heard it that way before."

One day she remarked half jestingly, "What a splendid theologian you would make! Why you should organize a new creed. Your doctrines are more convincing and satisfying than anything I have ever heard."

"If I should, would you join it?" he asked quickly, trying to keep his real earnestness from his voice. His heart skipped a beat as he waited for her answer.

"I certainly would," she replied with a laugh, and Phil left her with a happy thrill in his heart.

One by one, in this way, Phil had made her acquainted with the principles of the gospel. He spent many evenings in her home. Often her father and cousin joined in their discussions. Philip was sometimes a little uneasy with the men, thinking that they might have heard enough about "Mormonism" to discover him and he was not ready yet.

The weeks passed by all too rapidly for the young man. The summer semester would soon be over and he would return to take a position in a Utah college. His love for Margaret Benton had grown with their constant association, but never once had he permitted himself to suggest his real feelings for her. Outwardly they were good comrades, that was all. It would not be honorable, he told himself, to try to win her until she knew. He was sure that she liked him, and his own love gave him hope that he would be able to win her.

The last week of school was over. Philip had planned to leave Chicago the following Tuesday. Some business for a western friend would keep him busy Monday. He was in a state of anxious excitement. He must reveal his secret to Margaret and learn how his test was to be received. He was trying to decide how he could best break the news to her when he learned that Elder T—— from Utah was visiting for a few days in Chicago and would speak to the branch of the Church Sunday evening. Elder T—— was to Philip an ideal man and one of the most eloquent speakers in the Church. His problem solved itself. He would take Margaret to church with him Sunday evening.

Margaret had invited him to take dinner with her Sunday afternoon. Her father was present, but excused himself soon afterwards as he had promised to read some of his manuscript to a friend.

"How shall we spend the evening?" The girl asked when they were alone.

"Why not go to church?" Phil suggested his heart beating rapidly.

"O, I guess I'm a sort of heathen. I don't seem to care much for church. It's the same old things always harped upon in the same old way. I have a new book on an interesting economic problem. I believe we would enjoy looking over that."

"No, let's got to church. I promise to take you where you will hear something absolutely new from the pulpit." He tried not to appear too eager.

"Well, if you promise that I'll risk it." She put on her things and they left the house.

Phil forced himself to keep up a lively conversation. He did not want her to ask questions—not yet. They had a long ride and when they left the car he led her to the unpretentious room in an old G. A. R. house where the saints and elders were gathering. His heart was in a tumult of mingled hope and fear. What if she only spurned him when she found out his deception. The thought sent a pang through his heart. He was just beginning to realize how much she meant to him.

Several people nodded to him as he led his companion to a seat in rear of the room.

"You have been here before?" Margaret asked.

"Yes, I come most every Sunday."

The services commenced, with congregational singing. The hymn was "O, My Father." Phil furtively watched the face of the girl beside him. Her eyes were bright and her lips slightly parted with sudden interest.

He felt a warm glow in her heart. Surely she would understand—and believe. The thought took the form of a silent prayer. "O God, help her to understand and believe." He was conscious that his whole life's happiness rested on the present hour. As they sat down Margaret leaned toward him and whispered, "You are right. I've heard something new already. That song! There's something to think about in that."

After the prayer which followed, Elder T—— was introduced. He announced that he had been requested by some of the saints to speak upon pre-existence. He began his sermon with the quotation from Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality:"

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
Nor in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home."

Then he went on in his own masterful way developing his theme. He gave references from the Bible and finally pictured the distinctly "Mormon" idea of the subject, on similar lines as given in Nephi Anderson's little story, *Added Upon*.

Emphasizing this part of his sermon he read the beautiful little poem from the pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "A Girl's Faith:"

"Across the miles that stretch between,  
Through days of gloom or glad sunlight,  
There shines a face I have not seen  
Which yet doth make my world more bright.

"He may be near, he may be far,  
Or near or far I cannot see,  
But faithful as the morning star  
He yet will rise and come to me.

"What though life leads us different ways,  
The world is round, and time is fleet,  
A journey of a few brief days,  
And face to face we two shall meet.

"Shall meet beneath God's arching skies,  
While suns shall blaze, or stars shall gleam,  
And looking in each other's eyes  
Shall hold the past but as a dream.

"But round and perfect and complete,  
Life like a star shall climb the height,  
As we two press with willing feet  
Together toward the Infinite."

Margaret Benton was leaning forward drinking in every word as a thirsty flower drinks in the sunlight. To Phil her beautiful face seemed transfigured with some deep emotion. He was looking at her with his own love all undisguised in his eyes when she lifted her gaze to him. That fleeting glance sent the man's pulses throbbing with a joy for which he had not dared to hope. He noted that the small hand lying in the girl's lap trembled. He had a longing desire to cover it with his own strong, brown hand, but the place forbade. The heavenly ecstasy of that moment was not to last, however. Up to this time there had not been a word in the sermon to designate the speaker's creed. These were the words which now fell from his lips,

"Now and then, as we have seen, has a poet with prophetic vision, stood up in the path of the world's progress and given voice to this pre-existent truth; but it remained for the Latter-day Saints, the despised 'Mormons,' to proclaim it to the world." Philip Pemberton knew that the crucial moment had come. In an agony of hope and fear he breathed again, "O, God, help her to understand and believe."

Margaret Benton straightened. For a moment a dazed expression crossed her face. She wondered if she had heard aright. Her cheeks turned white and with surprise and inquiry in her eyes she looked at the man beside her. For one second he wavered, then with that prayer throbbing in his heart he met her gaze, steady, unflinching and with a yearning plea in his eye.



She read the truth in his face. He saw her hands clutch unsteadily for control, then she whispered in a cold, tense voice, "I wish to go home at once!"

Philip arose and followed her to the door. Outside he stumbled blindly beside her, dumb with the feeling that all was lost. He wanted to explain but words refused to come. They reached the car in silence. It was crowded. He found a place for her and stood near in utter misery as they were carried toward her home. She sat silent and rigid without one glance in his direction. Philip began to feel that he was indeed as black a criminal as her manner suggested. He had been a coward. He had deceived her. No wonder she despised him. He loathed himself. He was not worthy of the religion he had been trying to teach to her.

They reached Michigan Ave., and left the car. In silence they approached her home. When they reached the veranda she faced him.

"You, you are a 'Mormon'." The calm scorn in the voice cut deep. But it roused in him a sense of pride and honor he thought was dead. He no longer cowered beneath her gaze, but stood erect with his head and shoulders back.

"Yes, Miss Benton, I am a 'Mormon,' and I am proud of it!" He was going to proceed, but she cut him short.

"And you dared to come here, hiding who you were and teach me—to—" She stopped and a painful, crimson flush covered her face. The words she would have said were apparent, and sent the man's heart beating wildly. He started toward her with passionate pleading words on his lips, but she spurned him back.

"Don't touch me! No matter how I felt toward you an hour ago, I despise you now. You are a coward as well as a 'Mormon,' and I never want to see you again." She turned and would have rushed into the house, but he sprang past her and stood between her and the door.

"Margaret—Miss Benton, you must hear me. Your past—friendship and my own love give me the right to speak. I'll admit I should have told you at first who I was, but would you have listened to me then? You know that the unjust prejudice you have shown tonight would have shut your door upon me. Because I was sure my religion would appeal to you if you heard it, and most of all because I loved you and wanted so much to have you believe, I tried to teach you my creed without naming it. I have hoped and prayed that you might understand and believe. Every day during the past weeks you have acknowledged some part of 'Mormonism.' You have said the principles were satisfying truths. Can they be less true because they are the guide of a misjudged people? Won't you let me talk it all over with you once more, now you know what I am?"

"No, no. You are a 'Mormon!' I despise you. Let me go into the house."

"Margaret—"

"Don't speak to me like that. Let me pass or I shall call my father."

He stepped back and she flew to the door.

"Good bye and God bless you," Philip whispered hoarsely. For a second the girl hesitated on the threshold, then she closed the door and rushed to her own room.

Slowly Philip walked down the path from Margaret's splendid home. The future yawned before him like an ugly, empty chasm.

The next morning Richard Darrel ran into his uncle's to invite his cousin for a ride. Margaret had spent a sleepless night and had not come down until after her father had left the house on some business.

"Why, hello, Margie. What's the matter?" was her cousin's greeting.

"Nothing," she answered with a forced smile.

"Nothing? Well, you look like seven funerals. Come Margie, tell your old pal. What is the trouble?"

"Did you know that Phil Pemberton is a 'Mormon?'" she asked without more urging. The young man's expression and long low whistle was quite what she had expected.

"O, come off, Margie. Someone must be twisted. Who told you?"

"He told me himself."

"Well, the hound! What's he been skulking around here for? Preaching his infamous dope to us I suppose, and trying to win you on the side. The dog! I'll show him!" The young man paced up and down the room giving vent to his outraged temper. Suddenly he seized his hat and started for the door.

"Why, Dick, what are you going to do?" Margaret demanded, an unexplainable fear clutching her heart. During the long hours of the night the girl had faced the future without the strong, manly Westerner who had come so strangely into her life.

"I'm going to horsewhip him to begin with, confound his—"

"O, Dick, don't—don't do anything like that."

Richard Darrel turned a searching look upon his cousin's face.

"Margaret, surely you are not in love with the—whelp?"

"Why, no, of course I'm not," lied the girl's lips, but her burning cheeks and heaving chest told him the truth.

"Margaret, he may have two or three wives already in Utah."

"Dick!" The girl protested with a little sob. "You know he is not that kind."

"Well, you said he was a 'Mormon' and—" but he stopped, touched into compassion at the girl's face. His manner suddenly changed.

"Look here, Margaret, he's in love with you. That's been easy to see since that day in the slums. Why don't you put him to the test. Ask him to give up that bunch. I know a dozen fellows who would give up all the religions in the world for you, if you asked them to."

Just then Mr. Benton came in.

"What's the discussion?" he asked sensing something unusual in the atmosphere.

"Our friend, Pemberton, has turned out to be a 'Mormon,'" Dick explained.

"What! A 'Mormon'?"

"Yes, a 'Mormon.' Who would have thought it?"

The old man sank into a chair.

"Well, well, and I suppose he has been preaching to us all summer and we didn't know it. He had some unusual theories; some interesting theories! but a 'Mormon!' He's a decent sort of fellow himself. It's too bad. I was really quite taken with him. It's a shame for young men of his type to remain blind, simply because they were born that way." The old man's face registered a sudden inspiration. "I think I'll have to open his eyes for him the next time he comes."

"There will not be any next time. I told him not to come again," said Margaret. The old man looked at his daughter, but he failed to read what the younger man had perceived.

"Well, now, that was hardly just, daughter. Everyone should be respected in his sincere views, until he is taught to see differently. Richard if you know where the young man is staying I wish you would invite him up this evening."

As Philip approached the Benton home that evening in response to Richard Darrel's telephone message, his mind was in a tumult. He was trying to prepare himself to meet an outraged father. He was shown into the library where Mr. Benton waited alone. As the old man arose and offered his hand Phil felt an immense relief.

"I just learned that you are a 'Mormon.' I suppose I should have you explain why you kept us in ignorance of the fact so long, but we will not trouble to go into that. I feel an uncommon interest in you and realizing that you are unjustly blinded by a false religion I should like to see if I cannot open your eyes for you. Such men as you should find a place of usefulness in the world and not be lost to humanity because, unfortunately, they were born under the influence of a corrupt religion."

The young man felt his blood rising, but with an effort he kept his voice calm.

"Excuse me, Mr. Benton, but I cannot remain and have you talk so about my creed. I shall be pleased, however, to discuss with you any phase of 'Mormonism.'"

"Discuss it all. Tell me what it is that holds a young, intelligent man to a thing like that?"

"Why, it is the thing itself. It is my certainty that 'Mormonism' is the true plan of salvation. Listen to the first articles of our faith." He drew a little card from his pocket which he handed to his companion, then he repeated slowly and earnestly the 'Articles of Faith.'"

"Is there anything corrupt in that, Mr. Benton? That is the foundation upon which our religion is based. 'Mormonism' should especially appeal to you, sir. It would solve your problems of the slums. In Utah we have no paupers. It would solve your social parasite problem. Our system of organization provides congenial work for all."

"But polygamy! What have you to say for that?" The writer demanded, thinking to strike the fatal blow.

"You must realize that polygamy is a thing of the past in our Church, but it served its purpose well. In our pioneer days it was necessary for a rapid increase in population in order to carry on the work of a driven people. Polygamy provided that, and let me assure you, sir, there was nothing unholy in the practice. No people can hold a higher, more holy view of marriage than do the Latter-day Saints. They marry for time and all eternity. I'm sure that polygamy, as practiced by the 'Mormons' would be a blessing and an uplift to humanity in many places in the world today. O, sir, it is a false notion you have when you think polygamy is another term for licentiousness. I wish I could take you into the homes of the few remnants of that practice that remain. You would find in those homes something you never felt before. It is a love purified, by self-sacrifice and suffering."

Philip paused. His host was looking at him earnestly.

"I believe you mean what you say. But you must be wrong. Surely if 'Mormonism' was all that you say the world would have recognized its worth long ago and not branded it as a curse."

"Did the Jews recognize the worth of our Savior?" Philip asked gravely and the other man was silent.

The door opened and a servant said that Mr. Benton was wanted at the telephone. He returned with an evidence of relief in his face.

"I'm sorry to have to cut this interesting discussion short, Mr. Pemberton, but I am called suddenly away. I will send Margaret in to argue with you. Philip saw that the father did not understand the situation and he felt that he should protest, but the desire to see the girl he loved once more was too strong.

Margaret was very pale as she entered. She extended her



hand without a word and he took it in silence. She came and sat beside him. She tried to speak with her usual ease as she began,

"Come, Mr. Pemberton, we simply can't let you remain a 'Mormon.' Won't you let us rescue you? Think what you could do in the world if only you would pull away from them. Father could help you to a good position in a university, or in some important settlement work. Won't you think about it?" He understood the deeper meaning back of her words. Her eyes burned with it. She was so close that he caught the fragrance of her hair. All the lure of the woman aided her. For a moment the man felt dizzy. He had only to say one word and he might take this woman in his arm, in his life. He closed his eyes to shut out the temptation. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and waited for self-mastery. It came. He looked steadily into her face. His voice sounded unnatural in his own ears.

"You cannot know, Miss Benton, how hard this moment is for me. I would give up my life for you—but not my religion. There is no need of prolonging this interview so painful to us both." He arose and reached for his hat. The girl sat like a statue. He moved toward the door. She got to her feet and tried to speak but the words would not come.

"Good bye, and God bless you," he repeated softly the words he had uttered the night before, then he went slowly out and down the marble steps. With bent head he walked toward the gate. There was a quick swing of a door behind him and a hurried step on the path.

"Wait—O, Philip, come back." The call came in tremulous catches.

He turned. Margaret was standing like a beautiful phantom in the moonlight, her hands extended. He took a step toward her and stopped. Was this but a stronger temptation to draw, him from the Church? He stood trembling, his breath coming short and quick, but he did not move. A moment they stood so. The great compelling mystery of life seemed throbbing about them, then with a little cry the girl ran to him and he caught her in his arms. After a long, silent second she looked up and sobbed,

"I thought—I—wanted—you to—give it up, but O, I don't. There must be something in it to hold a man like that. I would have despised you if you had given it up—for me. I don't just understand it all yet, but I will. I will learn to say I'm a 'Mormon' with a pride like yours."

Suddenly the ugly empty chasm, which had been yawning before Philip Pemberton, changed to a glorious path lighted by love and joy. Over him stole a great, calm peace, the consciousness that he had stood the test—and won.



PRESIDENT ANGUS MUNN CANNON

Born Liverpool, England, May 17, 1834; Died Salt Lake City, Utah, June 7, 1915.

*For short sketch see "Passing Events"*

# Big Considerations in the Great War

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BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

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## GERMANY'S GREATEST LOSS IN THE WAR

Those who have followed the spread of Germanic industrial life throughout the world know how wonderfully that nation through its people was engaging itself in every avenue of business, not only throughout Europe but throughout the western continent. In France, thousands of industries were carried on by Germans. Technical training and business habits made them winning competitors with the Frenchmen in almost all the industrial life of France. These German emigrants were making a peaceful conquest of a commerce that was world-wide in its operations. They were gathering the choicest resources from all lands, and bringing their fatherland into commercial relations with every part of the globe. These Germans cultivated friendships. They had been obliging in their methods of trade, extremely friendly in social contact, and, withal, a most lovable people. In contrast with them there has grown up in the center of Germany a military oligarchy overbearing, contemptuous and offensively proud. Those who have seen German life in its extremes realize how different these two classes are. The military cast, however, has disseminated, very widely, the idea that these peaceful merchantmen and manufacturers in all parts of the world owed their protection and prosperity to the military power of Germany which it was thought was held in dread by all the other nations of the world. Naturally, when the war broke out, all classes having been led to trust in the military power rushed to its defense by every means available. Germany's conquests in the commercial and manufacturing world make her require the friendships of the nations more than any other country in Europe. When the emperor said that the army was his best friend he was mistaken. The army has broken friendships that will not be regained within the next generation, and it is just possible that these peaceful conquests of commerce of the past thirty years may be lost to Germany for an entire century. Germany will learn that she has greatly undervalued the possession of friendship. It will be hard, in the future, for these nations that have suffered so much to distinguish between the German government and its individual subjects. Avenues of German industry will be closed; friendships will be severed, and even though Germany should win, she will experience the restric-

tion that will come to her in all business life through the loss of friendship.

The war may close in a spirit of compromise. It may close in a spirit of forgetfulness and forgiveness, but it is more likely to close, for at least a generation, in a spirit of hatefulness and revenge. Germany's loss of friendship, in my opinion, throughout the civilized world has been a defeat more terrible than anything she has suffered at arms. That empire may well change the methods of its procedure, because, in the end, whatever the end may be, she must win friendship if she is to be victorious in the highest sense of the word.

This loss of friendship in national life is a lesson to every one who reads the misfortunes in the loss of those sympathetic relations which formerly existed between her and other countries. Friendship is a precious possession. It shapes powerfully the lives of nations as it does the career of individuals. It is the old story—the abuse of power, for one of the first things that the individual loses in the unjust and excessive use of his power is the loss of friendship.

While the war is on, Germany will hardly realize what substitution of enmity for the cordial relations that hitherto existed, means to her. That substitution will some time, some day, distress the German empire and that, too, whether Germany shall be victorious or be defeated, in the present struggle at arms.

#### “LUSITANIA”

The sinking of the *Lusitania* is more than an event in history. It is the end of an old, and the beginning of a new, era in international law. According to the compact between the United States and Prussia, the passengers were entitled to notification, search, and the opportunity to spare their lives, before the vessel was sunk.

The submarine is a new invention in warfare. It is so small that it can make no pretention itself for the safety of passengers, and as it operates within the enemies' waters chiefly; it performs its mission of death in secrecy, and makes its escape as best it can. As years go on, this event will, no doubt, cause a change in international law. For the present, however, the United States has a right to insist that Germany keep her compact with this country. A nation has a right to insist upon what is accorded to it by international law, and Germany should have been exceedingly careful to keep the good-will of the people of this country.

Does a break, therefore, with Germany mean war? No. How then could the United States punish Germany for an infraction of an international agreement? This country might very easily say to Germany: “We have fulfilled our agreement with



you, in the maintenance of neutrality. We have given you the benefits of the internment of your ships and their merchandise, in our harbors. At a considerable expense to the United States, we have kept a patrol in the ocean to see that English and French ships of war were kept without the three-mile limits. In return for this, you have killed our citizens and acted inhumanly towards us. If you do not care to make reparation we shall be compelled to withdraw our relations of neutrality with the German empire. Your ambassador and consuls will, therefore, be returned their passports, and be required to leave the country."

These are very simple words but they are full of meaning. Immediately upon withdrawal of diplomatic relations, the rights of neutrality would be suspended. That suspension would act automatically as a release of all German merchant ships, battleships, men and merchandise from our harbors, and they would therefore be at the mercy of the English and French men of war lying just beyond the three-mile limit. And even England and France would have a perfect right to say to this country: "Now that you have suspended the rights of neutrality to protect German ships and men, you can no longer permit them to remain in your harbors and keep your compact with England and France." That would be a serious matter for Germany. It has been estimated that the value of German capital in American harbors is over a half a billion dollars. In comparison, the loss of the *Lusitania* would be a mere bagatelle. All that England and the neutral nations have lost through the German submarine would be small, indeed, compared with what Germany would lose, if she lost her rights of American neutrality in American ports.

Of course, the United States might go farther. It might sever trade relations with Germany for a number of years, and forbid that nation, for a given period of time, the use of the Panama Canal. Such a course, on the part of this country, would be one of the heaviest punishments that could be inflicted on Germany.

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### Lines

Be dauntless, O Soul, and look toward the Light—  
 Ne'er shall it fail thee;  
 Steadfast and bright, beyond the black Night,  
 Forever it shineth.  
 Tho' thou in thy anguish perceivest it not,  
 All the rough way is illumed by its ray.

O Heart, once so prayerful thro' all the long years,  
 Lift up thy voice, despite bitter tears,  
 For Infinite Mercy upon His far throne  
 In compassionate pity beholdeth His own.  
 Then be glad of His love, and resignedly wait  
 Till at length the chastening rod  
 Break into blossom disclosing thy God. MAUD BAGGARLEY

# Snappy Sketches From Life

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BY STUDENTS OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

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[Too often high-school compositions are drawn from secondary impressions—that is to say, impressions gained from books or lectures. Especially is this likely to be the case where the teacher himself draws his inspiration from the library. But secondary impressions usually turn out third or fourth rank, in the student's re-telling; and the atmosphere, which alone can make literature real and virile, often fades to the vaguest common-place. The following short stories, furnished the ERA by Prof. N. L. Nelson, of the Brigham Young University, will further illustrate how that difficult quality in literature, which, for want of a more exact term the Professor calls *life* or *tang*, may be developed even in amateur work, when the writer learns to trust what is within himself, instead of seeking what others have said and felt as a basis for inspiration.—EDITORS.]

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## The Wooden-Shoe Train\*

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It was a little town in Sanpete. The United Order had been established for three years. In accordance with some very bad economic reasoning, all the hay and other forage of the community had been stacked within the same enclosure. Consequently, all the live stock had to be housed nearby. On one side were long rows of sheds for horses and mules; on the opposite side, a mammoth corral for about seventy-five cows, with smaller pens for the calves. Scattered about and roosting everywhere, or scratching and cackling, as the varying mood would take them, were about two thousand chickens. Picture the glory of it all—by sight and by sound!

But all this is merely the setting. My theme is the "Wooden-shoe Train."

Just as the sun is going down a dozen small boys, each armed with a stout stick, have turned loose two score calves, which gallop with many a bellow to as many waiting cows. Next comes the famous Train, entering at the little gate on the southwest corner of the corral.

The Train is made up of perhaps fifteen maids and matrons each carrying two milkpails; their feet keeping time, *ker-flop, ker-flop*, to a music very familiar to the peasantry of Holland and Denmark. For this was a community of Danes who, in this intensely competitive and individualistic age, were honestly, but not very wisely, trying to live the social system of the City of Enoch.

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\*This sketch was dictated to the class by the teacher as a suggestion of the kind of work desired.

From head to foot these good women were clad in home-spun, home-knit, and home-chiseled goods: for the last description refers to the clogs they wore on their warmly-stockinged feet.

The boys aforesaid usually had a merry time getting the calves back into their pens, and took occasion to play many a prank on the members of the Wooden-shoe Train; receiving for reward sometimes a box on the ear, but oftener a drink of milk warm from the cow.

At length, the milking done, the Wooden-shoe Train again falls into line; but the music of the return march is muffled as befits the heavy loads carried in the milkpails.

The precious liquid is strained into a large vat, impartially stirred so as to mix the rich with the lean, then ladled out to each family in the community according to the number of mouths to be fed.

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### A Case of Mistaken Identity

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BY B. Y. BAIRD

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Mr. Dodd was awakened in the middle of the night by his wife's kicking the covers off, and screaming with all her might that she had been bitten by a snake.

Crawling carefully out of bed, and rising suddenly to his feet, Dodd found himself under the table, which, as it happened, had been set for breakfast. The dishes went down with a crash, and thus, for the moment, drowned the cries of his wife. No sooner had he emerged from the wreck than a fresh outburst proclaimed the fact that Mrs. Dodd had again been attacked by the venomous intruder.

Terror striking at his heart, Dodd searched frantically for the matches, while his wife, between shrieks and moans, declared she knew she was going to die, for the wounds were already swelling badly.

When at last he succeeded in getting a light, he beheld his better half kneeling in the middle of the bed, holding her gathered night-gown on the small of her back with one hand, and nursing one heel with the other.

"Do hurry and take him!" she wailed. "I have him here."

Advancing cautiously, Dodd unfolded the bundled-up portion of his wife's gown; but after careful examination no snake could be found. Thinking the reptile had escaped, the mystified couple were about to give up the search, when a badly-crushed wasp fell to the floor.

This was too much for Mr. Dodd's sense of humor; he sat on the floor and laughed till the tears came. Mrs. Dodd could not

see the joke, however, and hurriedly adjusting the covers, ordered him to get in and keep still.

The Dodds had just moved out on their homestead, where they had built out of rough boards a one-roomed cabin. The weather being sultry, they had made the bed down on the floor between the door and the window, in order to get the benefit of any passing breeze. They had been asleep some hours when the incident above referred to happened.

Quiet having been restored, they were beginning to doze off again, when a yell that would have awakened the dead, burst from Mr. Dodd. Throwing off the covers he leaped to his feet and jumped around the room like one possessed.

As quickly as her laughter would permit, Mrs. Dodd made a light, and saw her husband holding his night clothes away from his body as far as he could, and rubbing a rapidly-swelling red spot on his leg.

After Mrs. Dodd's mirth had somewhat subsided, they made a thorough search of the bedding, and on one corner of a quilt which had been airing on some bushes for a few days, they found a nearly-completed wasp's nest, with half a dozen wasps hot and ready for further business.

Having disposed of these enemies, they again retired. But the rest of the night was about equally divided between nursing their wounds and giving way, every few minutes to uncontrollable fits of laughter.

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## A Mexican Bull Fight

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BY LORIN JONES

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"Where are they all going?" asked Rob, one Sunday as we stood on a crowded corner in El Paso watching the excited people clamor for seats in the already-filled Mexican street cars.

"Why," said I, "they are going to that big bull fight in Juarez. You know Pablo, the new matador, is in the ring. They say he surely is a dandy, and that he never has to make more than one stab to get his bull."

"Well," finally broke in Rob, "I hate to see the horses gored just as much as you do; but I would like mighty well to see one fight. And if you are going with me, we'd better be moving, because here comes the next car."

A half hour later we found ourselves in a great crowd, pushing with all our strength toward the grand stand. Hardly had we seated ourselves, when a bugler came out upon a small platform, high above the crowd, and with a loud blast summoned all of the performers into the ring.



First came the matador and the fighters dressed in gaudy colors; then the horsemen and attendants; and last of all, a swarthy little fellow driving a scrubby pair of mules. After making their many bows to the spectators, all of the performers except the horesmen retired. These men rode poor, little, blind-folded ponies which were so frightened that their riders could hardly force them to move.

Immediately after the next bugle sounded, the gates were opened; and as the bull passed through, the gate-keeper thrust deep into its neck two small spears. With the blood flowing from its shoulders, the animal rushed into the arena bellowing like a lion. First it ran madly around the ring trying to get at the many spectators; finding that it could not reach them, it charged its nearest enemy. The horseman was well prepared, however; and, inflicting a deep wound in the bull's shoulders, by means of a long brad, he caused it to wheel short on its haunches and charge its next opponent.

This fellow was not so well on guard; for the bull broke the rider's brad and plunged its horn deep into the defenseless horse's paunch. In his effort to escape the horse fell upon his cruel rider.

"Heavens," said Rob, "let's get out of here. I can't stand to see the poor horses killed!"

"Don't get in a hurry," I replied. "This is the beginning of the first act. The chances are, if we wait awhile, we may see one of those greasers go to his happy hunting ground."

There was, however, no such luck; for another horseman now rode up and amid the cries of bravo! bravo! quickly enticed the bull out of the ring. With a club the brutal attendants forced the wounded horse to drag himself out of the ring, where he was left to die.

The bull was admitted the second time, and the so-called sport now began in earnest. The maddened animal dashed at the man with the red blanket, in the centre of the ring; but instead of striking him it struck the blanket. It now turned upon its next tormentor, a swarthy little fellow with a long pole in his hand; but the man vaulted lightly into the air, and the poor beast's head splintered only the pole.

After being further tormented for some time, the bull became sullen and would not fight. The impatient crowd from the grand stand now called out, "Kill him! Kill him!" and so the matador with his long sword appeared on the scene, and with one quick stroke dealt the death blow.

There were still five more bulls to be killed; and so, amid the shouts of the blood-thirsty spectators to "bring in another," the little brown muleteer and his scrubby little mules did their modest part by dragging out the still struggling victim.

## Utah

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We love fair Utah's smiling vales,  
And snow-capped mountains high  
That waft their soft, refreshing gales  
To cool the summer sky;  
We love her rivers, brooks and lakes  
Where trout dart to and fro;  
Where flocks of wild fowl to the brakes  
For rest and shelter go.

We love her landscapes, fresh and fair,  
Bedecked with pretty flowers,  
Where warbling birds of plumage rare  
Enchant the wooded bowers:  
We love to see our children sweet  
Romp on her fields, at play;  
They mind us of our joy complete,  
When we were young as they,

O happy Utah, favored place,  
More than all lands below,  
Reserved for us by heav'nly grace  
Where we could thrive and grow;  
While earthquakes and tornadoes dire  
Their thousands oft destroy,  
Immune from their terrific ire  
We rest in peace and joy.

We sow and plant from year to year,  
With surety of success,  
While others sow and plant in fear  
Of failure and distress;  
And here men throw no dreadful bombs  
Their fellowmen to scare,  
Nor wreck our churches or our homes  
And those assembled there.

With God and nature on our side  
We need not fear nor frown;  
With truth and virtue for our guide  
We live life's troubles down.  
Then let us thank God's saving grace  
And kind, directing hand  
That gave to us a home and place  
In Utah's favored land.

And let us thank the pioneers  
Who paved the way that we  
Their children might in later years  
Such wondrous blessings see;  
And that the Lord inspired their mind  
To leave their native land  
And all their earthly ties behind.

JAMES CRYSTAL

## Editors' Table

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### Masquerade Balls

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A correspondent, in one of the cities in southern Utah, wishes to know what attitude our people should take in regard to masque balls. On the date he wrote it was the second Sunday that notice of a masque ball had been given in their public meetings. The ball was to be held in the local schoolhouse under the direction of the principal of the public schools. The people of the surrounding wards were also invited to come and participate. He further writes: "Hideous masks and costumes are on sale, at a local store. The principal of the school stated, upon my objecting to masque balls as not being sanctioned by our Church nor approved by the Latter-day Saints, that there is no harm in them. He gives as a reason for this opinion that those who were masked would be required to give their names and unmask on entering the hall. He also stated that such balls were quite instructive."

Our correspondent then asks as to the advisability of patronizing such affairs, and whether or not our correspondent is wrong in his statement that the Latter-day Saints are opposed to masque balls. In answer we may say, in a general way, that he is correct; that the Latter-day Saints are opposed to masque balls. We quote from an editorial in the ERA (Volume 13, page 564), by President Joseph F. Smith, from which the reader may gather in what light the authorities of the Church view the subject:

"The advice and counsel of the First Presidency, from the beginning to the present time, has always been against masquerade balls and masquerade gatherings of any kind. We trust that this counsel is generally understood and adhered to throughout the Church.

"There are so many safer and more respectful amusements that it doesn't seem reasonable that anyone should wish to endanger the morals of the young people by even suggesting a masquerade. This particular kind of amusement, history tells us, had its origin in the courts of kings, where moral degeneracy was not uncommon. The mask enabled the vicious princes to hide their corruption, while it gave license to evil men and women to commit licentiousness such as even the most wicked and vile among them were ashamed to engage in without the protection of the mask.

"This class of amusement became especially prevalent in

public entertainments in Italy, about the close of the middle ages. It was introduced in England by Henry VIII, whose tyranny, natural violence and evil practices are universally detested, but which were fit consorts of the mask. Masquerades have continued, with more or less popularity, unto the present, and are now common accompaniments to the carnival, where indulgence of the sensual appetites is generally given full sway. The nearest approach, however, to this species of entertainment which English law and taste permit in this day, is fancy costumes, without the facial mask. Undoubtedly, the reason for this is that from their nature masked amusements, so-called, are peculiarly liable to abuse.

"The mask is found in dens of infamy and vice; it has its home there. It is a means used by the harlot and procurer to cover shame and to practice evil. Its use has no redeeming feature. It is repulsive in every way. There is nothing clean nor attractive about it.

"For these and other reasons, the masque ball has no place among the amusements of the Latter-day Saints, where every action must be open and above board, and where virtue, purity and fidelity are prevailing characteristics."

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

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### Sunday Baseball

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Considering all that has been said and written, it is a little strange that a brother in a northern Utah stake of Zion should write the ERA to know what "stand the Church takes concerning Sunday baseball, and why?"

He adds that he knows of "Mutual officers who argue that there is no harm in it. Many of the young people think it nothing to attend ball games on Sunday, and say they see no harm in it, because we must have time in life for some pleasure as well as work."

Briefly, we answer: the Church discountenances, discourages and warns the young people against indulgence in all kinds of work, games, excursions, feasts, amusements and strenuous pleasures upon the Sabbath day.

Why? Because it is a day appointed by direct command of God, unto the Saints and their children, to rest and to pay their devotions unto the Most High. In other words, it is a day of rest, which means a day of cessation or intermission of exertion or labor, when the body and mind should be kept free from weariness, disturbance and strenuous activity;—a day of peace for the mind, body and spirit.

And further, as we are told, it is a day when people should



pay their devotions to God, which means a day to express their love and ardent affection for Him by acts of worship, song, prayer, thanksgiving and praise.

It is a day when we are asked to offer a sacrifice to the Lord, in righteousness. Sacrifice means giving a desirable thing in behalf of a declared higher object—base ball and other amusements, for example, for a humble and penitent spirit.

A precious promise is given to those who will do this, and it is worth testing. The Church teaches its membership that not a promise of the Lord shall fail where the Saints do their part and keep their covenants with Him. "This promise is that, inasmuch as the Saints will do these things with thanksgiving, with cheerful hearts and countenances, the fulness of the earth and the good things which come of it are theirs. A promise which we take to mean that refraining from work and pleasure on the Sabbath day and devoting oneself to the proper worship of the Lord, shall in no wise cause us to lose money nor health, nor suffer for lack of a time for recreation.

Besides this promise, there is a very important reason given, in the word of the Lord, why the Saints should not work, nor play baseball upon the Sabbath day; but rather should devote the day to worship, devotion and righteous sacrifice. It is this: "That thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world." Keeping the Sabbath day holy is a shield against the vices and sins of the world. And what father or son, what mother or daughter, are there who do not need this simple but sure protection to keep them and their loved ones from the world's besetting sins?

Now, "we must have some time for pleasure as well as work." That is true, and for this good reason the M. I. A. are unanimous for this slogan, in every ward of the Church, and we hope the authorities and parents may see the need and wisdom of it:

*"We stand for a sacred Sabbath and a weekly half holiday."*

Furthermore, here is another slogan that appeals to parents and children, which the M. I. A. have adopted so that righteous principles may be taught:

*"We stand for a weekly home evening."*

Both these are Church movements and no stake or ward authority will find anything but encouragement from the General Authorities, in adopting them. Those who read the message from the First Presidency in the June ERA on "Home Evening," and who attended the priesthood meeting at the last general conference and listened to the remarks of President Chas. W. Penrose are thoroughly informed on how the Church authorities stand on this matter.

It need only be said in conclusion that the Church is against Sunday baseball, because it is in direct opposition to the word of the Lord, and has a tendency to drag the youth of Zion into the

wickedness of the world. Then, to encourage the observance of a sacred Sabbath, a weekly half-holiday should be given the young people, for needed recreation. An evening a week should be devoted in the family to the teaching of the gospel and the enjoyment of the pleasures of home life.

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### Official Announcement

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Our attention having, been called to the different forms of spe'ling the proper name Melchizedek (as, for example: Melchisedek Melchizedec, Melchisedec, etc.), at our request Dr. James E. Talmage made a critical investigation of the subject with a view of learning the biblical and philological consensus of authority and opinion concerning it. In harmony with Elder Talmage's report, and expressing our own views, the Council of the Presidency and Apostles has decided that the proper noun, and the adjective as applied to the High Priesthood should be spelled *Melchizedek* (as it appears in the Old Testament and the Book of Mormon) in all publications of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
 ANTHON H. LUND,  
 CHARLES W. PENROSE,  
 First Presidency.

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### Messages from the Missions

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[The ERA solicits short, pertinent messages of important happenings, and faith-promoting incidents in the experiences of the elders; portraits of persons and places connected with such experiences, and illustrating the text, will be acceptable, especially if the pictures are out of the ordinary—illustrations of action. Groups, with names alone, can be used only to a very limited extent.—EDITORS.]

#### Rendering Good Service

From left to right, in the group, in the order named, are



the pictures of Sisters Clara Peterson, of Wanship, Utah; Susie Pitcher, of Cardston, Canada, and May Branch, of Coalville, Utah. These lady missionaries work at Atlanta, Ga. They are rendering excellent service in the branch organizations, and among the non-members they are diligent missionaries.

### Five Warriors

Elder Alvin D. White, Derby, England, May 24: "The elders laboring in this part will never forget some of the events now happening in the world. The accompanying photograph portrays vividly one of the fruits of this strife between national powers. Elder Stephen Paskett took this picture while we were out tracting in a rural district. It represents five nationalities—English, Irish, Scotch, Welch, and 'Mormon.' Strange

fact, is it not, that while nations endeavor to destroy each other, there are the powers of peace working simultaneously. Hence, the picture represents destructive and constructive agencies. These soldiers had been wounded in the battle of Neuve Chapelle. Happy



and contented are the soldiers of the cross in the admonition of Jesus, "Be not afraid of them that kill the body and after that have no more that they can do. Fear him which after he hath killed hath power to cast into hell." So imbued with the spirit of war are most people here that little thought is given to our message. Still occasionally the elders are successful in switching from war to religion and must be prepared to talk on either."

### Japan Conference

Amasa W. Clark, Tokyo, Japan: "The April conference of the Japanese mission met April 7. Twelve elders and one lady missionary were present. The first session was devoted to testimony in which all the elders expressed their thankfulness for the goodness of the Lord to them, their testimonies of the truthfulness of the gospel and their desire to live nearer to its principles that they might merit the Spirit of the Lord so as to make the Japanese mission one of the best in the world. The elders who are able to read Japanese spoke for the benefit of the younger elders, on the literature now being distributed, so that all might familiarize themselves with the tracts, pamphlets and books to be distributed in the mission. Others of the elders spoke upon gospel topics. Special meeting was held in which all questions were discussed and answered. There were other meetings in which the elders had opportunities of expressing themselves upon the literature in the mission, the needs of the mission, and to make any suggestions that would in their opinion help to make the work more successful. The elders were very free in their expressions as to the needs of the mission. Each conference was reported by the presiding elder, and affairs look prosperous for the coming year. Missionaries that were present are: C. Ralph Amott, Salt Lake City, Utah; Harold Kingsford,

Franklin, Idaho; Arthur Cutler, Salt Lake City; Mission Secretary Amasa W. Clark, Rexburg, Idaho; Arthur F. Crowther, Provo; Ether Spackman, Lewiston; Lloyd O. Ivie, Salina, Utah; George A. Turner, Lago, Idaho; J. Vernon Adams, Logan; Mission President H. Grant Ivins, Salt Lake City; Mary E. Stimpson, Joseph H. Stimpson, Riverdale; Edward J. Allen, Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah.

### Reduced in Numbers

L. Albin Erickson, Malmo, Sweden, April 20: "Our corps of elders has been reduced to only three in the Skane conference, on account of war conditions.

As the nations have put on their armor of steel so have we clothed ourselves in the garment of truth and are seeking for the guidance of our Master in our battles to place the truth before our fellowmen, and in warning them of the judgments to come to those who do not repent and obey the commandments of God. We are bearing our load with joy, and are thankful unto our heavenly Father that he has permitted us to continue here in his cause. Our time is taken up in traveling among the Saints in five branches in this conference. In some of the branches local elders preside and are succeeding admirably in their meetings with the Saints. Since our fall conference, in November, up to the April conference, we distributed 14 496 tracts, and sold 805 small books. Our meetings are well attended, and at conference our little hall was taxed to its capacity. A splendid spirit prevailed throughout, and the Spirit of the Lord indicated powerful testimonies from the elders to the revealed truths restored to the earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith. The names of the elders are: Standing, left to right, Walter Petterson, visiting; Claus Persson, local elder; L. Albin Erickson, conference secretary; sitting: conference president John A. Carlson, and mission president Theodore Tobiason."



### Conditions in West Australia

Wilford Bailey writes from Subiaco, West Australia, April 25: "There are many unemployed people in western Australia, owing to the great drouth and the European war. The farmers are discouraged owing to the poor season last year, in which they lost the



greater portion of their crops. The government has assisted them in obtaining seed and hay for this year, and an unusual amount of rain has fallen, making the prospects for this season's harvest very good. We held the annual conference of this branch March 7. President Don C. Rushton, of the Australian mission, was in attendance. This branch of the mission is growing and gaining favor among the people. The elders' headquarters have been changed to 120 Rokeby Road, Subiaco, West Australia.



Elders: Lester Facer, Brigham City; Wilford Bailey, Nephi, who was sustained as conference president; front row: David P. Kimball, acting conference president, Thatcher, Arizona; Don C. Rushton, mission president, Salt Lake City; Delbert Chipman, American Fork, Utah.

#### New Meeting Hcuse in the Western States Mission

A part of the elders of the San Luis conference of the Western States Mission, taken at Alamosa, Colo., May 9, 1915: Back, row,



Hyrum V. Nelson, conference president; George M. Dalton, J. W. D. er, presiding elder; Porter F. Johnson. Front row, Mrs. Hyrum V. Nelson, John L. Herrick, mission president. Two of the missionaries,

Elders Alvin F. Bergeson and Ernest Keele, were in the extreme southern portion of New Mexico, and Elder Lewis Taylor was at Durango. About two years ago Alamosa and north and the territory east of the Rio Grande river was transferred from the San Luis stake to the Western States mission, and we now have a thriving little branch at Alamosa, of about one hundred twenty-five members. The people, being anxious for a place to meet in, purchased a piece of ground, and the Church appropriated sufficient funds for the erection of a building which will soon be erected. Alamosa is a division point of the D. & R. G. Railroad, and has quite extensive shops, a number of our members being employed therein. Brother J. W. Dyer, local commissary agent for the railroad company, is the presiding elder of the branch."

### Centered on the War

Leland H. Holman, clerk of the Belfast conference, Ireland, reported that the elders are doing all they can to present the gospel to the people. "We have but little opposition of late, as the minds of the people are centered on the war, but we have a good attendance of investigators at our meetings, which is indeed encouraging to the elders who labor here. Although we see but little results in immediate con-



verts to the Church, we know that the Lord will not let his servants labor in vain. Elders, back row: Leland L. Holman, Stirling, Canada; William G. Hoggan, Manti; Frank W. Munns, Garland; J. Leo Seeley, Mt. Pleasant; sitting: Harold J. Bishop, Kayville; Conference President Augustin L. Hanks, Clearfield; Hyrum M. Smith, president of the European Mission; J. M. Sjodahl, Salt Lake City, and P. Leroy Nelson, Spanish Fork, Utah."

### Died in Australia

Elder Claire Lewis, a missionary in Sydney, Australia, died April 22, 1915, according to a cable message sent by Don C. Rushton,

president of the Australian mission, to the First Presidency. Death followed an operation for appendicitis. The body was sent home on the steamship "Sonoma," May 8, and arrived in San Francisco on May 26. Elder Lewis is the son of Edward Lewis and was born in Logan, November 15, 1890. He was set apart for the Australian mission, September 24, 1914.

### Nothing But Praise for Utah

Elder Willard R. Jensen, of Conterfield, Utah, writes from Concord, New Hampshire: "Elder James Larson, Jr., of Thatcher, Arizona and myself are the only two elders laboring in this state. We meet many honest people who have invited us to their homes to explain the principles of the gospel. The prejudice which people have had towards the 'Mormons' is fast fading away, and they are more hospitable to the elders than ever before. We often meet people who have traveled throughout the west, and they have nothing but praise for Utah and her people."

### Native Saints aid in Gospel Work

Elder Walter B. Hanks, conference president, Grover, Utah; and Borgen A. Anderson, Hyrum, Utah, write from Groningen, Holland, that they are meeting some opposition in preaching the gospel, but that some of the people are seeking after the truth, being glad to meet the elders to hear the message of the restored gospel. The different branches in the Groningen conference are in fairly good condition though there is considerable sickness. The members of the Church are endeavoring to do their duty and are aiding in the spread of the gospel.

### Opposition Makes Active

Elder Robert Schmid, Burlington, Vermont: "We have here just enough opposition to make us active, and it results for our good. We have a lovely little branch. President Matthias Hansen left us in early March for his home and family in the west. The Saints and elders are well and rejoice in the gospel. Elders laboring here, are: Albert Brandley, Stirling; Silas H. Bigelow, Cardston, Canada; Conference President, Robert Schmid, Georgetown; and David Ricks, Clawson, Idaho."

### A Hall Rented in Cincinnati

John L. Lloyd, Cincinnati, Ohio, March 16: "A fine hall has been rented in Cincinnati, the headquarters of the Ohio Conference, and the Cincinnati elders assisted by the East Kentucky elders laboring in Newport are holding some profitable meetings. Elder Charles V. Anderson, now in business in Cincinnati, has charge of the branch and his labors are greatly appreciated by all concerned."

## Priesthood Quorums' Table

### Deacon's Activities in Richmond

"Having read in the ERA what the deacons of other wards are doing, I take pleasure in referring to the labors of the deacons of





the Richmond ward, this past winter. We studied 'Incidents from the Lives of our Leaders.' Coming to the life of Apostle M. W. Merrill, and reading how he helped to build up Richmond, we knew that there were others who did much to build up the town, so we decided to investigate the lives of other pioneers. We set apart each Wednesday night to visit a pioneer and listen to his life and what he endured for the gospel's sake. One picture which I send represents the deacons of the ward, and the other the boys having musical talent. These boys and thirty-seven others, carry a strong testimony of the gospel, and that Joseph Smith is a prophet of God. We are enjoying the work very much. The music teacher is John Omensen who has succeeded admirably in teaching the boys to play the different instruments. I have labored with some of the boys in Mutual and Religion Class, Sunday school, and in the deacons' quorum, beside sbeing with them every Wednesday night. I have learned to love to associate with them. There are about 60 in number. 'A little over fifty per cent attend the meetings. We have learned much about the travels of the Saints and their trips across the plains, and many things pertaining to Church history. I bear my testimony to the truth of the gospel and state that I am enjoying the priesthood work, and trying to do what I can to interest the boys.'—M. A. HARRISON.

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## Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

BY P. JOSEPH JENSEN

### GETTING THE BOYS READY TO THINK ABOUT THE LESSON

Sometime ago, a young, inexperienced teacher went before his quorum to teach a lesson on faith. He had what he thought a well prepared lesson. It was logically organized, and if his class had been disposed to listen while the instructor talked, they might have been benefited. He began by asking the question: What is faith? The boys didn't seem to know; the instructor said, "Then I will tell you," and he quoted Paul's definition of faith. They had some little interest in learning by heart the definition; but after that, their interest in the class work lagged.

After the class work was over, he spoke to an experienced teacher about his failure. Said he, "I had worked hard and long to prepare my lesson." After some little conversation the experienced teacher said, "Your failure consists in not having gotten the boys' minds ready for the thought you had to present. Their minds are concerned about things just as much as ours are. Many of those things involve belief and faith. Learn what they desire to have now, what they want to become, what assurance and evidence they have that they can get and become what they desire. Hitch on to the idea which will best help them to interpret what you have to give; but before giving them the lesson, enlarge the experience and the idea already in the boy's possession."

It is much better teaching to get the pupils' minds ready for the facts, than the facts ready for the pupil. Of course, we have to do the latter, but by doing the former, we, so to speak, forge mental hooks on which to hang truths and facts. We thus select good healthful limbs of trees on which to graft the choice buds we have chosen.

Any of the four following lessons illustrate the point:

## LESSON 25

## (Chapter XXIV)

Problem: The best place to get courage from.

What are some of the things which discourage you most? Your parents? What encourage you most? Study the chapter.

Why were the Saints in Clay County? Why were they asked to move from Clay County? What had they done there? How was Caldwell County formed? How many succeeding moves did the Saints have to make before they reached Utah? Under what circumstances was the hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," composed? Read it. (Page 58 in the Hymn Book.) Where does it say the Saints got their courage from? Why were all these movings discouraging? What shows that they had courage? Where did they get it from? Then where can you get courage?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

## LESSON 26

## (Chapter XXV, Verses 1-4)

Problem: Troubles that accompany trying to get rich quick. Have you had any experiences in trying to get a lot of money at once? Study the chapter.

What things encouraged speculation in America? How did the Prophet plan to develop honest business? Why did they fail? What resulted from its failure? Name some things in your locality through which people are trying to get rich quick? What resulted in 1873, in America, from speculation? Compare this idea with the parable of the unjust steward, Luke 16:1-13, especially verses 10-13.

Answer the problem.

## LESSON 27

## (Chapter XXV, Verses 5-10)

Problem: The most important work of the Latter-day Saints.

What do you think is the most important of many kinds of work you have to do? Bear in mind that this is not stated the only work, but of the many kinds which is most important. All are important, some are more important than others, and still others are most important. In order to help you, read Doctrine and Covenants, section 7. What work of John did the Savior approve strongly? Also Doctrine and Covenants 15. Study the chapter.

What was the work H. C. Kimball was called to do? Compare the purpose of his work and getting rich quick? What were the results in each case? Who opposed this work of the salvation of souls? How did Satan succeed?

Answer the problem.

## LESSON 28

## (Chapter XXXI, Verses 1-8)

Problem: What helps us most to be true friends? What are some things that cause you to make enemies of people? What helps you to make yourself a true friend? Study the chapter.

What made men turn against the Prophet? What influenced others to remain true?

Answer the problem.

# Mutual Work

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## Stake Work

### No Sunday Contests

At the meeting of the General Board held May 26, the question of the propriety of holding contests on Sunday night was discussed, and a resolution was adopted to the effect that, while contest numbers may be given on Sunday, actual contests must not be held on Sunday, and any adjudications rendered on this day will not be recognized. (See "Hand Book," page 91).

### Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book

The new, revised and enlarged edition of the "Hand Book," was ready for the June Conference. It contains 116 pages, with index, and is brim full of such technical and detail information as no officer who desires to succeed can do without in his work. Single copy 25c; one dozen, to one address, \$2.40, postpaid.

### The June Conference

No conference ever held was more blessed with the Spirit of the Lord, in all the divisions of our work, than that of 1915. Full proceedings will appear in the July number of the ERA, with portraits of the contest winners, and some of the winning speeches, as well as remarks by leading speakers. Ludwig S. Dale, national representative of the Boy Scouts of America, attended, and addressed the officers of the M. I. A. Scouts, on several occasions.

## Vocations and Industries

### Industrial Contests

TO STAKE PRESIDENTS AND VOCATION SUPERVISORS: The General Board has decided to award gold medals to winners in the M. I. A. Boys' Industrial Contest. These prizes will perhaps be appreciated more than money, because they can be kept for a life time as tokens of achievements really worth while. We trust that you have created a live interest in these contests, in your stake, and that you have the work well organized. Please remember that June 10th was the time to close the entries, and all entry blanks were to be sent promptly to us at that time. Boys who have not entered now will not be eligible to receive prizes at the close of the contest.

Will you immediately communicate with the Ward Vocation Counselors, and ask them to forward to you at once the entry blanks from the boys in their wards? You can probably see most of them personally, or reach them by phone.

The committee would like a complete list of the names and addresses of the men who have charge of this contest work in the dif

ferent wards, and will appreciate it if you will send us a list of those in your stake, when you send the entry blanks.

COMMITTEE ON VOCATIONS AND INDUSTRIES,

BY ROSCOE W. EARDLEY,  
Secretary.

## Athletic and Scout Work

### Progress of Scout Work

The M. I. A. Scout work during the past year, has had a permanently steady growth. As the Mutual officers become more familiar with the aim of the movement, they become thoroughly aroused to the importance and necessity of having their boys receive the scout training. Those who have taken up the work properly during the past year are unanimous in their testimony as to the benefits of the movement. In a few cases scout masters have imbibed the idea that scout work meant basketball, wrestling, etc., and have spent most of their time in these exercises. The result has, therefore, not been satisfactory, and the boys have shown little advancement along scout lines. Through the scout training the boys have done some very efficient service, in live saving, helpfulness in the home, the ward, and the stake, in kindness to animals and birds, in civic improvements, and in many other ways that make for the development of true men.

On June first, our records showed the following: forty stakes and one hundred and four wards have scout troops, leaving twenty-nine stakes who have not yet given their boys the advantages of this training. Two thousand and forty-four scouts are registered as M. I. A. Scouts of the Boy Scouts of America. Thirty-six stakes have deputy stake scout commissioners, to look after the work in the stake. We now have a number of First Class scouts, and some scouts who are now taking out merit badges. The new revised and enlarged "Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book," now on sale, contains in detail the necessary instructions to start and carry on this great work among the boys.



M. I. A. CLASS IN LEADERSHIP, ST. GEORGE, UTAH



## Passing Events

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**The Roosevelt-Barnes** libel suit ended on May 22, the trial having consumed five weeks. The jury was convinced by the evidence that Mr. Roosevelt had not libeled Mr. Barnes.

**The Liberty Bell** will be exhibited in Salt Lake City on July 11, next, and arrangements have been made to have all the school children and arrangements have been made to have all the school children view the bell, under the arrangements made.

**S. V. Derrah**, assistant general freight agent of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad died June 4, 1915. He was one of the road's most widely known and respected officials and stood high in the estimation of railroad people as a man and gentleman.

**The Home Benefit Society** was organized June 14 with a capital stock of \$2,000,000 for home building purposes. Heber J. Grant, president, with many prominent men, including President Joseph F. Smith, John C. Cutler, C. W. Nibley, Francis M. Lyman, and H. G. Whitney, as directors.

**A peace pact** has been entered into between Argentine, Brazil and Chili, signed May 23, providing that these three nations for five years shall submit to an inter-national committee of investigation and arbitration in any causes for difference that may arise. The spirit of the treaty is much like the treaties that former Secretary Bryan negotiated on the part of the United States with more than thirty nations.

**D. W. Springer**, secretary of the National Education Association, has mailed the ERA a volume of the proceedings of the National Education Association for the St. Paul meeting, last July. The general character of the topics treated as well as the method of presentation are timely and commendable and of interest to all educators.

**The corner stone of the new Richards ward chapel**, of Granite stake, was laid on Sunday, May 30. The chapel will seat three hundred and sixty people, and a choir of seventy-five voices. The amusement hall will measure forty-three and one-half by sixty-four feet. The ceremony of laying the stone was performed by President Frank Y. Taylor and the dedicatory prayer was offered by President Anthon H. Lund.

**A new non-partisan ministry**, which is to direct the British government, was announced on May 25. Herbert H. Asquith remained as prime minister and first lord of the treasury. The object of the resignation of the former cabinet was to form a non-partisan ministry which all the different parties of the British nation were to be represented. The movement was especially favored by the people, and apparently has strengthened the British cause.

**James Jensen**, formerly of the presidency of the Jordan stake, and mayor of Sandy, died May 19, and his funeral was held May 24 at Jordan. He was born in Starup, Denmark, July 14, 1847, and came to

Utah with the company of John Murdock, September 12, 1861. He was made bishop of Sandy in 1892, and was later chosen for the stake presidency in which capacity he acted until the stake was re-organized some months ago. He was a veteran of the Black Hawk war. He had also served as constable, justice of the peace and postmaster of Draper.

**The Curlew stake** was organized May 17, 1915. Jonathan C. Cutler president, Joseph J. Larkin and Thomas W. Rowe counselors. Elders Rudger Clawson and David O. McKay officiated in the organization of the new stake. The superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. is Leon Taggart, of Blackpine, Idaho. The stake is composed of a portion of Oneida county, Idaho, and of Box Elder county, Utah. The wards are Snowville, Park Valley and Rosette in Utah, and Stone, Holbrook, Arbon, Mount View, and Blackpine, in Idaho, and the Canyon and Juniper branches in Idaho.

**Lassen peak**, on the 23rd of May, again poured out a large eruption of ink black smoke. One other volcano was in active eruption in the United States during May, and one other in Alaska. The Lassen peak carried ashes a distance of over two hundred miles. Several million feet of standing timber has been destroyed by the volcanic discharges. The floods and eruptions bear a close resemblance to those of Mount Vesuvius. A dispatch from Redding, California, June 14, says that Lassen erupted that day for the one hundred and first time, belching forth a pillar of smoke a mile skyward.

**President Joseph F. Smith and Bishop C. W. Nibley** and party returned June 16 from their trip to the Hawaiian Islands and Oregon. They left May 12, and announced to the *Deseret News* that their trip was one of the most enjoyable they had ever taken. The plantations of the Church as well as the branches of the Church in the islands were visited, and the party attended many meetings during the fifteen days they were on the islands. On June 5 they left Honolulu, arriving in San Francisco June 11, proceeding immediately to Portland, Oregon. Here, on the 13th, President Smith dedicated the new chapel which has just been completed there at an estimated cost of nearly \$10,000. The building is Spanish in architecture, the plans being furnished by Pope & Burton. It is built of brick, concrete and steel, and has a large Sunday school and social room in the basement.

**Secretary William Jennings Bryan** submitted his resignation to President Woodrow Wilson on June 8, and it was accepted. The resignation was accomplished with the utmost good feeling between the Secretary of State and President Wilson, so the announcements from Washington declare. The action resulted from differences of opinion over the note sent to Germany, in which the United States formally asked that country for "assurances that measures will be adopted to safeguard neutral lives and ships on the high seas." The resignation occurred because the secretary did not desire to embarrass the president by his opposition to the policy of the administration in the present foreign situation which has arisen between the United States and Germany. The secretary is said to have favored a note which under no circumstances would involve the United States in grave complications, whereas the note which was prepared to be sent to Germany is emphatic in its insistence upon the protection of American lives and American ships on the high seas. Robert W. Lansing, automatically became acting secretary of state, and signed the note

to Germany on the sinking of the "Lusitania" the text of which was given out June 10.

A "Potato Study" poster has been issued by the Agricultural Department of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. It is one of the most comprehensive potato studies that has yet been circulated. At the top of the poster the eye rests on a large plate of potatoes, clean, healthy and life-size. Below these are illustrations of potatoes afflicted with those diseases which cause the greatest amount of trouble in potato fields of the United States today; namely: common scab, *Fusarium* wilt, and *Rhizoctonia*, accompanied by a description of the disease carefully written in simple language, without the use of technical terms. Farmers can readily understand these descriptions, and, by the aid of the very clear pictures, determine whether the potatoes they are saving for seed have any of these troubles. The rotation of crops is the surest plan to cleanse the soil of all crop disease germs. Eight methods of control are given in the poster, as well as the details of the corrosive sublimate treatment for seed potatoes, which is believed to be the most thorough and effective remedy. The Rio Grande Commissioner of Agriculture, in his endeavor to get this "Potato Study" poster into every farm home, in the potato growing districts served by this system, is doing a permanent and positive good in the potato territory of the Rocky Mountain region.

**Lewis A. Merrill**, agricultural expert for the Salt Lake Route, and for many years prominent member of the faculty of the Utah Agricultural College, died June 1, 1915, following injuries received in an automobile accident on the night previous. Prof. Merrill was born June 2, 1874, at Richmond, Utah. He was educated in the common schools, the Brigham Young College, and later in the Utah Agricultural College from which he graduated in 1895. He also studied in Iowa State College and the Agricultural College of Ohio, in 1898 and 1904. He was a teacher in the public schools, and in April, 1899, was appointed assistant professor of agriculture and veterinary science in the Utah Agricultural College. He served later in the Utah experiment station and was agronomist from 1900 to 1905. The following two years he was professor of animal husbandry at the Brigham Young University. In 1907-9 he was superintendent of the agricultural extension division of the Utah Agricultural College. In 1908 he was re-appointed agronomist of the Utah experiment station in charge of arid farming, and became joint author of many experiment station bulletins. Four years ago he severed his connection with the Agricultural College, and became the agricultural expert of the Salt Lake Route, devoting his energies to the improvement of farm conditions along the lines of that railroad, being recognized as one of the leading agricultural experts in the West. Professor Merrill was formerly bishop of the Thirty-first ward of Salt Lake City. He was married June 6, 1895, to Miss Effie Ensign with whom he has three children.

**Dr. David Ballantyne Anderson** and his companion, Dr. Morris Kush, were drowned while canoeing, in Lake George, near Bolton, New York, May 27, 1915. Dr. Anderson had been an interne in the Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City, for nearly eighteen months out of his term of thirty months, and had been granted a two weeks' vacation. He and his companion sailed up the Hudson to Albany on the night of 22nd, arriving at Lake George, and walking from there to Bolton the next day.

Dr. Anderson was a son of Edward H. and Jane Ballantyne An-

derson, and was born in Ogden, January 30, 1887. He attended the Madison grade school, beginning the day after he was eight years of age, and graduated from the Webster school, Salt Lake City, on January 31, 1902. He then took a three years' course in the preparatory school of the University of Utah, beginning that fall, at which time also he decided to study medicine. Finishing his preparatory school



DR. DAVID B. ANDERSON.

work in 1905, he became a student in the college for three years. During one of these years he assisted in medical work at the Latter-day Saints Hospital, staying there at night, thus helping to earn his way through college. In 1908 he entered the University of Chicago, studying in the Medical College, and at the same time taking regular college work. He graduated with the degree of B. S. in June, 1910. The following autumn he entered by examination the sophomore year of the medical course in the Johns Hopkins University. Here he studied three years, graduating with honor as M. D., in June, 1913; being the second Utah student to graduate from the medical school of that great institution. That summer he took charge of the Mrs. Robert Garrett Children's Hospital, at Mt. Airy, near Baltimore. He also went to New York and took examinations as interne in Mt. Sinai Hospital, and was one of the eight chosen from about ninety applicants. During his vacation

in 1912, he went to California with the medical staff of the National Guard of Utah.

In September, 1913, he passed the Utah state medical examination, and was employed by Dr. F. E. Straup for the remaining months of that year, doing good service in his profession at Bingham. He loved his work passionately and on one occasion stated: "I cannot understand why all men are not doctors." On December 27, 1913, he left for New York, entering upon his course in Mt. Sinai on the first day of January, 1914, where his respectful and modest demeanor gained the good-will and friendship of all, including many leading physicians. The House Staff, of which he was a member, wrote to his parents: "Not alone have you lost a dear, good and respectful son, but we have lost a staunch, honorable and kindly friend. Professionally, David possessed marked talent which he always exhibited in a quiet, unassuming manner. \* \* \* We feel that a great future would have been in store for him." Some splendid tributes were paid him at the memorial services held at the hospital synagogue on June 4. Hundreds of friends attended.

Dr. Anderson loved nature, and from early boyhood spent his summer vacations in the Wasatch or the Uintahs. Scarcely a spot



from Nebo to Bear Lake, or from Timpanogas to Leidy Peak, and where the Green River sweeps round the eastern Uintahs, that he had not explored, camping in the woods and fishing in the lakes. As avocations, he delighted in music and photography.

During his grade and University of Utah years he took active part in ward affairs, in M. I. A., Sunday School, and Lesser Priesthood quorum work. While studying in the University, he with his brother passed three summers fencing and cultivating, as pioneers in that district, with good success, a forty-acre farm on the Sand Ridge in Weber county. He often wrote that the physical strength that came to him in this work carried him in health through the strenuous years of mental toil in his professional study. While unsuccessfully dragging Lake George for his body, his brother Hugo wrote: "I shall do all in my power, but if I cannot succeed, then you should take consolation in the fact that he lies in as beautiful a spot as could be found—out in the nature he so dearly loved."

Always David rendered to his family and friends (and he had friends in nearly every state in the Union) cheerful, helpful and loving service. Besides the geniality of his nature, he possessed a keen sense of dry humor which, added to his general affability enabled him to make friends of nearly all with whom he came in contact. His hopes, desires, plans, and ambitions were to come home to continue the efficient service which his high scholastic attainments had fully equipped him to render to the people in the valleys and mountains of his beloved Utah. The characteristics of his nature were hard work, perseverance, clean morals, cheerfulness and efficiency. His was indeed a beautiful life.

**Angus M. Cannon**, for many years president of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, before it was divided, died in Forest Dale, Utah, at 6:40, on the most beautiful morning of June 7, 1915. He passed almost as peacefully as the morning itself. For some time he had felt prepared for death. On February 28, 1906, in company with his sister Mary Alice Lambert, he started for England with intention of visiting the Isle of Man, the ancestral home of the Cannon family. His eighteen-year-old grandson, George M. Cannon, Jr., was a member of the party, and en route to South Africa, on a mission. The names of many ancestors were gathered on this trip, and by subsequent genealogical researches, and for these kindred dead President Cannon, upon his return, immediately began work in the Salt Lake temple. This labor he diligently continued up to May 7, one month before his death. To thousands, President Cannon and his sons and grandsons have borne testimony of the truth of the gospel. It was, therefore, fitting that one of the chief labors of his declining years should be that of redeeming, in the House of the Lord, those ancestors who had died without hearing the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Angus Munn Cannon was born in Liverpool, England, May 17, 1834. He resided there with his parents (who were there for the sake of the employment afforded the father as a cabinet maker) until about three years of age, when he was then sent to his grandmother, on the Isle of Man. He lived with her for a few years, and then returned to his parents in Liverpool. He was there with them when the gospel was brought to their door by Elder (afterwards President) John Taylor, in January, 1840. Elder Taylor had met and married, in Canada, Leonora Cannon, and therefore sought her brother, George Cannon, and his family, and taught them the gospel. Members of the family, who were old enough, were baptized, February 11, 1840. The younger children were blessed, and on September 18, 1842, the father, George Cannon; the mother, Ann Quayle Cannon, and their six children,

George Q., Mary Alice, Ann, Angus M., David H., and Leonora, set sail with a large company of Saints for Nauvoo, via New Orleans. This at the earnest insistence of the mother, and in spite of warning dreams that she would not arrive safely in America. To all remonstrances she turned a deaf ear, and said: "I desire to take our children to the body of the Church, where they can enjoy the blessings of liberty, in the land of America." Three days after sailing, this devoted mother took sick. Forty days out on this journey, growing weaker, day by day, she died; and her sorrowing husband and her little children watched her dear but lifeless form dropped into the sea. After eight weeks, the father and children landed in New Orleans. Thence to Nauvoo, up the Mississippi River, where they met and listened to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and lived there at the time of his martyrdom. Later the father went to St. Louis to get employment at his trade, and there he died, August 17, 1844. Angus M. Cannon was thus left motherless at eight, and fatherless when ten years of age. Not being old enough to be baptized when his parents and his older brother and sisters were baptized, and seeing Elder L. O. Littlefield baptizing in the River at Nauvoo, he requested baptism; was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church on the river bank. With his guardian, Charles Lambert (who had married his older sister Mary Alice, at Nauvoo) he came to Utah in 1849, walking almost the entire distance. He acted as hunter, and was charged with the duty of providing the game eaten by his relatives on the journey. In Utah he met every call of the authorities with willing alacrity. With George A. Smith's company he went to locate Parowan, Iron county, in 1850, returning in 1851. He farmed, cut and hauled timber, joined the Nauvoo Legion, and was apprenticed to the "Deseret News," where he learned the printing business under Willard Richards. On September 4, 1854, he went on a mission to the East, under Elder John Taylor, laboring in Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania. In the latter state he baptized twenty-one persons in one month. Returning to Salt Lake City, June 21, 1858, he established the pottery business with Eardley Brothers. He was called on a mission to "Utah's Dixie," in 1861, and helped locate St. George, of which town for two years he served as Mayor. Being honorably released from this mission seven years later, on account of ill-health, he returned to Salt Lake, in 1868. He was in charge of lumber mills owned by Daniel H. Wells in Big Cottonwood Canyon, and also conducted a mule freight train of merchandise for Wm. S. Godbe, Salt Lake to Montana; was business manager of the "Deseret News," of which his brother, George Q., was editor; went on another two-year mission to Pennsylvania, and returning, engaged in the wagon and implement and coal business. He served eight years as county recorder of Salt Lake County. In Church work, Elder Cannon had served in the various orders of the priesthood, and was a Seventy when ordained a High Priest, and chosen a member of the High Council of the Salt Lake Stake, and counselor to Bishop Taylor of the Fourteenth Ward. In April, 1876, he was selected by President Brigham Young as President of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and was sustained by the people in that position for over twenty-eight years. His counselors were David O. Calder and Joseph E. Taylor. Upon the death of the former, Charles W. Penrose became second counselor. The stake has since been divided into eleven stakes. The decisions rendered by President Angus M. Cannon and his counselors were the most numerous and probably the most important delivered by any stake presidency in the Church; and, according to remarks of President Penrose, at the funeral services, no decision made by them was ever reversed, on appeal to the First Presidency.

To retain membership in the Church, and to have her posterity retain membership therein, Ann Quayle Cannon was willing to die and be buried in the sea. Her son Angus, while not having the largest family of her six children, leaves one hundred thirteen living descendants, all members of that Church. While presiding over the Salt Lake stake, President Angus M. Cannon, in an address in the Tabernacle, once said:

"When I think how I was left a poor orphan boy; and of how God has cared for me, and raised up friends to me, all through my life; and of how he has set me to preside over this great stake, comprising as it does more souls than were members of the Church, at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph, my heart is full of gratitude to him for his matchless mercy and kindness unto me. My hope is that I may be worthy of his love, and that I may be true to the end, and that my children and my children's children may never forget God and the glorious gospel that he has restored to the earth." (See portrait, p. 820.)

**The Great War.** Main events of the great war during the month of May 13 to June 12, was the retaking of Przemysl by the Austro-Hungarian army, the entrance of Italy into the war with the Allies, and the apparent success of the allied fleet in bombarding and passing the Dardanelles.

May 14—The Austro-Hungarian army is before Przemysl and the Russians retreated from Galacia.

May 15—Four American correspondents and one from Holland and Switzerland on invitation inspect the allied sufferers from asphixiating gases in a French hospital and report that these poison men and give intense suffering to those who survive.

May 16—The end of the "first stage" of the struggle for the heights of Atchi-Baba the first of the great barriers, is reported reached by the allied land forces. The Turks lost heavily. The movement of the Allies north of Arras on the 14, 15 and 16, is said to be the greatest gain made in the west since the battle of the Marne. The British House of Commons announced that 460,628 tons of British shipping other than war ships has been sunk or captured by the Germans since the beginning of the war, and that the number of persons of all nationalities lost with these sinkings is approximately 1,556. The German tonnage sunk or captured by the British is reported as 314,465 tons, a remarkable thing being that not one German nor neutral subject has been killed in connection with it.

May 17—The British financial secretary announces that the war-cost to England equals \$150 a second at the present status of the war. At Van, Asiatic Turkey, six thousand Armenians are massacred by Turks and Kurds, according to the dispatches.

May 18—The struggle in the Dardanelles is extremely difficult, on the part of the Allies, in making any impression on the stone wall defenses of the Turks.

May 19—Italy takes under military control its entire railway system. The Austro-German forces in Galacia force the passage of the San river. The Bethlehem Steel Company receives an order for eight thousand cannon from the British war office, and a check for \$16,500,000 from Lord Kitchener.

May 20—Copenhagen reports that twenty German submarines have been lost since the beginning of the "war zone" blockade, February 18.

May 23—On the 20th the Italian chamber of deputies by a vote of six to one voted granting full powers to the government in the event of war. This was ratified by the senate the following day by unanimous vote, and on the 22nd a general military and naval mobilization



was ordered, followed on the 23rd by a declaration of war on Austria on which day the first engagement was reported as taking place in Austrian Tyrol.

May 25—The British battleship "Triumph" is torpedoed and sunk by a submarine off the Gallipoli peninsula. A coalition cabinet was formed in Great Britain to meet the exigencies of the war. Balfour took Churchill's place as first lord of the admiralty. Holland sent a note of protest to Germany on the sinking of the "Lusitania" in which several Hollanders lost their lives. The note was closely modeled after that of the United States.

May 26—The American steamship "Nebraska" flying the American flag was blown up off the Irish coast. The vessel was able to reach port safely and there is no proof that it was the work of a submarine. The Russians captured Ermenia and thus put a stop to the Turkish massacres.

May 27—The British battleship "Majestic" was torpedoed and sunk in the Dardanelles. It is the fifth British battleship sacrificed in the attempt to force a way through the strait. The British submarine "H1" reached the arsenal at Constantinople, so it was reported, and sunk on its way a Turkish ammunition ship. The Canadian-Pacific railway steamer "Princess Irene" was blown up and destroyed at the mouth of the Thames. Over four hundred and twenty-four lives were lost. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

May 28—The German admiralty admits torpedoing the "Gulflight" by submarine, but think it was mistaken for a British steamer.

May 30—Germany makes public a note in answer to President Wilson's note concerning the "Falaba" and "Lusitania" offenses, holding that the "Falaba's" calling aid after the command to halt rendered her liable to instant attack. War policy, and England's violation of inter-national procedure, the Germans urge, compelled them to consider the "Lusitania" as a hostile craft. With regard to the "Gulflight" and the "Cushing," Germany regrets and promises indemnity.

May 31—Zeppelins raid London, killing four residents and causing some fires. England has lost 139 merchant and fishing vessels by the Germans, mainly through submarine attacks.

June 2—Przemysl is re-taken by the Austro-Germans after an assault regarded to be unparalleled in violence.

June 4—A German submarine sunk the Russian cruiser "Amur" near a Baltic port. German naval dirigibles attack the mouth of the Humber, east coast of England.

June 5—Hostile airships dropped bombs on the east and southeast coast of England with little damage.

June 6—King Constantine's health is failing. His condition is critical.

June 7—Reginald J. Warniford, a Canadian sublieutenant in the Royal navy, destroyed a Zeppelin from an aeroplane. With the destruction of the Zeppelin twenty-eight men were killed. Bombs were dropped from the aeroplane on the Zeppelin which fell a mass of burning ruins near Ghent. Five people were killed by Zeppelin bombs in the east coast of England.

June 10—The Austrians and Germans are experiencing uninterrupted successes in Galicia. Five British vessels of which four were trawlers were sunk by German submarines. The total number of officers and men who have perished in the sinking of British naval craft since the outbreak of the war is given out as 6,409. This does not include the men who lost their lives on the mine-layer "Princess Irene" and the British battleship "Bulwark" which were blown up in Sheerness harbor. Germany announces that they have one million men operating toward Lemberg towards Russian Galicia.



## Sayings

A beautiful life brings a beautiful death.

God has so arranged things in this life that no one can sincerely try to help others without helping himself.

The idea of being good, of keeping life pure and of making it useful is not noble.

Living a life that has in it beauty and usefulness is difficult, but the rewards for such a life are rich and everlasting.

We should always strive every possible way to keep sweet in spirit and avoid all manner of petty danger.

The example of Christ should be our example. If we follow him we shall not fail in living a noble life.—MILTON F. DALLEY, Brooklin, New York.

"We greatly appreciate the ERA which is quite widely read among our people. They are always anxious to read the magazine; in fact, we have a circulating library of them here in our branch. We wish the ERA the greatest success."—CLYDE F. HANSEN, Leeds Conference, Halifax, England.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the ERA and testify of the great benefit I have derived from its pages during my missionary labors. I wish to repeat the words of a non-'Mormon' friend: 'The best little magazine I have seen.' May the Lord bless those who contribute to its making."—A. T. SHURTEFF, President, Columbia, South Carolina.

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Utah was the scene of one of the most glorious episodes in American history. Men and women, our fathers and mothers, came to this land because here they could worship God and live their lives according to the strong faith which was within them. Ideals, not love of wealth or luxury, impelled them on. They conquered a land which appeared to the world at that time as unconquerable as appear today the rocky mountain sides which surround our valleys. We wisely cherish their memory. No future glory will ever dim their wonderful achievement.

Our task, now, under the blessings of modern science and the enlightenment of the arts, is to build upon these noble deeds of the past a history of progress which shall carry us to the world's front. We have a rich citizenship, sons and daughters of the Pioneers, and the many other thousands who came and are coming to the intermountain country to build homes.

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A letter is always welcome. Explain your hopes and ambitions; if you need help, and thousands of our best do need help, the College may be able to aid you. Write for a catalogue. Address:

**The President, Utah Agricultural College**  
Logan, Utah

We certainly enjoy reading the ERA, and wish you continued success. The Lord's work is growing on Samoa, though we are very few in numbers upon this island (Savaii) we are all happy and rejoice in our labors. The ERA is a factor for good amongst the white population here, and we all appreciate it very much. Thanking you very much in behalf of the Savaii Conference, I remain, your brother,—J. V. NELSON.

**Ward Teaching.**—By error of the Bishop's office, in the ward teaching report printed in the June number of the ERA, Silver City was omitted from the wards in Nebo stake, which had 100% of the families visited for the first quarter of 1915. We cheerfully make correction.

**The Era story contest** for May resulted in the choice of "Wild Oats," by Mrs. L. H. Roylance, Eugene, Oregon, for first place. The judges were Prof. John Henry Evans, Nephi Anderson, and Elizabeth Cannon Porter. For June, twenty-two stories were registered, and the winner will be named in the August ERA, and also, if possible, the story taking the first place out of the six winning prize stories of the series, January to June.

**Maud Baggarley, Salt Lake City:** "The article in the May number called 'The Secret of Successful Presiding' is one of the best things I have ever read, and I hope never to forget its teachings. I like very much the little story by R. S. Bean called 'The Test,' which is unusually well written. I like the style especially well. The ERA is certainly a powerful and far-reaching influence for good if it encourages and comforts and strengthens each and every one of its readers as it does me. I often hear persons speak of some splendid article in the ERA, and say how much it has helped them."

## Improvement Era, July, 1915

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